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FENIMORE COOPER'S LITERARY OFFENCES.

BY MARK TWAIN.

The Pathfinder and *The Deerslayer* stand at the head of Cooper's novels as artistic creations. There are others of his works which contain parts as perfect as are to be found in these, and scenes even more thrilling. Not one can be compared with either of them as a finished whole.

The defects in both of these tales are comparatively slight. They were pure works of art.—*Prof. Lounsbury.*

The five tales reveal an extraordinary fulness of invention.

. . . One of the very greatest characters in fiction, "Natty Bumppo." . . .

The craft of the woodsman, the tricks of the trapper, all the delicate art of the forest, were familiar to Cooper from his youth up.—*Prof. Brander Matthews.*

Cooper is the greatest artist in the domain of romantic fiction yet produced by America.—*Wilkie Collins.*

It seems to me that it was far from right for the Professor of English Literature in Yale, the Professor of English Literature in Columbia, and Wilkie Collins, to deliver opinions on Cooper's literature without having read some of it. It would have been much more decorous to keep silent and let persons talk who have read Cooper.

Cooper's art has some defects. In one place in *Deerslayer,* and in the restricted space of two-thirds of a page, Cooper has scored 114 offences against literary art out of a possible 115. It breaks the record.

There are nineteen rules governing literary art in the domain

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of romantic fiction—some say twenty-two. In *Deerslayer* Cooper violated eighteen of them. These eighteen require :

1. That a tale shall accomplish something and arrive somewhere. But the *Deerslayer* tale accomplishes nothing and arrives in the air.

2. They require that the episodes of a tale shall be necessary parts of the tale, and shall help to develop it. But as the *Deerslayer* tale is not a tale, and accomplishes nothing and arrives nowhere, the episodes have no rightful place in the work, since there was nothing for them to develop.

3. They require that the personages in a tale shall be alive, except in the case of corpses, and that always the reader shall be able to tell the corpses from the others. But this detail has often been overlooked in the *Deerslayer* tale.

4. They require that the personages in a tale, both dead and alive, shall exhibit a sufficient excuse for being there. But this detail also has been overlooked in the *Deerslayer* tale.

5. They require that when the personages of a tale deal in conversation, the talk shall sound like human talk, and be talk such as human beings would be likely to talk in the given circumstances, and have a discoverable meaning, also a discoverable purpose, and a show of relevancy, and remain in the neighborhood of the subject in hand, and be interesting to the reader, and help out the tale, and stop when the people cannot think of anything more to say. But this requirement has been ignored from the beginning of the *Deerslayer* tale to the end of it.

6. They require that when the author describes the character of a personage in his tale, the conduct and conversation of that personage shall justify said description. But this law gets little or no attention in the *Deerslayer* tale, as "Natty Bumppo's" case will amply prove.

7. They require that when a personage talks like an illustrated, gilt-edged, tree-calf, hand-tooled, seven-dollar Friendship's Offering in the beginning of a paragraph, he shall not talk like a negro minstrel in the end of it. But this rule is flung down and danced upon in the *Deerslayer* tale.

8. They require that crass stupidities shall not be played upon the reader as "the craft of the woodsman, the delicate art of the forest," by either the author or the people in the tale. But this rule is persistently violated in the *Deerslayer* tale.

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9. They require that the personages of a tale shall confine themselves to possibilities and let miracles alone; or, if they venture a miracle, the author must so plausibly set it forth as to make it look possible and reasonable. But these rules are not respected in the *Deerslayer* tale.

10. They require that the author shall make the reader feel a deep interest in the personages of his tale and in their fate; and that he shall make the reader love the good people in the tale and hate the bad ones. But the reader of the *Deerslayer* tale dislikes the good people in it, is indifferent to the others, and wishes they would all get drowned together.

11. They require that the characters in a tale shall be so clearly defined that the reader can tell beforehand what each will do in a given emergency. But in the *Deerslayer* tale this rule is vacated.

In addition to these large rules there are some little ones. These require that the author shall

12. *Say* what he is proposing to say, not merely come near it.
13. Use the right word, not its second cousin.
14. Eschew surplusage.
15. Not omit necessary details.
16. Avoid slovenliness of form.
17. Use good grammar.
18. Employ a simple and straightforward style.

Even these seven are coldly and persistently violated in the *Deerslayer* tale.

Cooper's gift in the way of invention was not a rich endowment; but such as it was he liked to work it, he was pleased with the effects, and indeed he did some quite sweet things with it. In his little box of stage properties he kept six or eight cunning devices, tricks, artifices for his savages and woodsmen to deceive and circumvent each other with, and he was never so happy as when he was working these innocent things and seeing them go. A favorite one was to make a moccasined person tread in the tracks of the moccasined enemy, and thus hide his own trail. Cooper wore out barrels and barrels of moccasins in working that trick. Another stage-property that he pulled out of his box pretty frequently was his broken twig. He prized his broken twig above all the rest of his effects, and worked it the hardest. It is a restful chapter in any book of his when somebody doesn't step on a dry twig

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and alarm all the reds and whites for two hundred yards around. Every time a Cooper person is in peril, and absolute silence is worth four dollars a minute, he is sure to step on a dry twig. There may be a hundred handier things to step on, but that wouldn't satisfy Cooper. Cooper requires him to turn out and find a dry twig; and if he can't do it, go and borrow one. In fact the Leather Stocking Series ought to have been called the Broken Twig Series.

I am sorry there is not room to put in a few dozen instances of the delicate art of the forest, as practiced by Natty Bumppo and some of the other Cooperian experts. Perhaps we may venture two or three samples. Cooper was a sailor—a naval officer; yet he gravely tells us how a vessel, driving toward a lee shore in a gale, is steered for a particular spot by her skipper because he knows of an *undertow* there which will hold her back against the gale and save her. For just pure woodcraft, or sailor-craft, or whatever it is, isn't that neat? For several years Cooper was daily in the society of artillery, and he ought to have noticed that when a cannon ball strikes the ground it either buries itself or skips a hundred feet or so; skips again a hundred feet or so—and so on, till it finally gets tired and rolls. Now in one place he loses some "females"—as he always calls women—in the edge of a wood near a plain at night in a fog, on purpose to give Bumppo a chance to show off the delicate art of the forest before the reader. These mislaid people are hunting for a fort. They hear a cannon-blast, and a cannon-ball presently comes rolling into the wood and stops at their feet. To the females this suggests nothing. The case is very different with the admirable Bumppo. I wish I may never know peace again if he doesn't strike out promptly and *follow the track* of that cannon-ball across the plain through the dense fog and find the fort. Isn't it a daisy? If Cooper had any real knowledge of Nature's ways of doing things, he had a most delicate art in concealing the fact. For instance: one of his acute Indian experts, Chingachgook (pronounced Chicago, I think), has lost the trail of a person he is tracking through the forest. Apparently that trail is hopelessly lost. Neither you nor I could ever have guessed out the way to find it. It was very different with Chicago. Chicago was not stumped for long. He turned a running stream out of its course, and there, in the slush in its old bed, were that person's moccasin-

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tracks. The current did not wash them away, as it would have done in all other like cases—no, even the eternal laws of Nature have to vacate when Cooper wants to put up a delicate job of woodcraft on the reader.

We must be a little wary when Brander Matthews tells us that Cooper's books "reveal an extraordinary fulness of invention." As a rule, I am quite willing to accept Brander Matthews's literary judgments and applaud his lucid and graceful phrasing of them; but that particular statement needs to be taken with a few tons of salt. Bless your heart, Cooper hadn't any more invention than a horse; and I don't mean a high-class horse, either; I mean a clothes-horse. It would be very difficult to find a really clever "situation" in Cooper's books; and still more difficult to find one of any kind which he has failed to render absurd by his handling of it. Look at the episodes of "the caves;" and at the celebrated scuffle between Maqua and those others on the table-land a few days later; and at Hurry Harry's queer water-transit from the castle to the ark; and at Deerslayer's half hour with his first corpse; and at the quarrel between Hurry Harry and Deerslayer later; and at—but choose for yourself; you can't go amiss.

If Cooper had been an observer, his inventive faculty would have worked better, not more interestingly, but more rationally, more plausibly. Cooper's proudest creations in the way of "situations" suffer noticeably from the absence of the observer's protecting gift. Cooper's eye was splendidly inaccurate. Cooper seldom saw anything correctly. He saw nearly all things as through a glass eye, darkly. Of course a man who cannot see the commonest little everyday matters accurately is working at a disadvantage when he is constructing a "situation." In the *Deerslayer* tale Cooper has a stream which is fifty feet wide, where it flows out of a lake; it presently narrows to twenty as it meanders along for no given reason, and yet, when a stream acts like that it ought to be required to explain itself. Fourteen pages later the width of the brook's outlet from the lake has suddenly shrunk thirty feet, and become "the narrowest part of the stream." This shrinkage is not accounted for. The stream has bends in it, a sure indication that it has alluvial banks, and cuts them; yet these bends are only thirty and fifty feet long. If Cooper had been a nice and punctilious observer he would have noticed that the bends were oftener nine hundred feet long than short of it.

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Cooper made the exit of that stream fifty feet wide in the first place, for no particular reason ; in the second place, he narrowed it to less than twenty to accommodate some Indians. He bends a "sapling" to the form of an arch over this narrow passage, and conceals six Indians in its foliage. They are "laying" for a settler's scow or ark which is coming up the stream on its way to the lake ; it is being hauled against the stiff current by a rope whose stationary end is anchored in the lake ; its rate of progress cannot be more than a mile an hour. Cooper describes the ark, but pretty obscurely. In the matter of dimensions "it was little more than a modern canal boat." Let us guess, then, that it was about 140 feet long. It was of "greater breadth than common." Let us guess, then, that it was about sixteen feet wide. This leviathan had been prowling down bends which were but a third as long as itself, and scraping between banks where it had only two feet of space to spare on each side. We cannot too much admire this miracle. A low-roofed log dwelling occupies "two-third's of the ark's length"—a dwelling ninety feet long and sixteen feet wide, let us say—a kind of vestibule train. The dwelling has two rooms—each forty-five feet long and sixteen feet wide, let us guess. One of them is the bed-room of the Hutter girls, Judith and Hetty ; the other is the parlor, in the day time, at night it is papa's bed chamber. The ark is arriving at the stream's exit, now, whose width has been reduced to less than twenty feet to accommodate the Indians—say to eighteen. There is a foot to spare on each side of the boat. Did the Indians notice that there was going to be a tight squeeze there ? Did they notice that they could make money by climbing down out of that arched sapling and just stepping aboard when the ark scraped by ? No ; other Indians would have noticed these things, but Cooper's Indians never notice anything. Cooper thinks they are marvellous creatures for noticing, but he was almost always in error about his Indians. There was seldom a sane one among them.

The ark is 140 feet long ; the dwelling is 90 feet long. The idea of the Indians is to drop softly and secretly from the arched sapling to the dwelling as the ark creeps along under it at the rate of a mile an hour, and butcher the family. It will take the ark a minute and a half to pass under. It will take the 90-foot dwelling a minute to pass under. Now, then, what did the six

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Indians do? It would take you thirty years to guess, and even then you would have to give it up, I believe. Therefore, I will tell you what the Indians did. Their chief, a person of quite extraordinary intellect for a Cooper Indian, warily watched the canal boat as it squeezed along under him, and when he had got his calculations fined down to exactly the right shade, as he judged, he let go and dropped. And *missed the house!* That is actually what he did. He missed the house, and landed in the stern of the scow. It was not much of a fall, yet it knocked him silly. He lay there unconscious. If the house had been 97 feet long, he would have made the trip. The fault was Cooper's, not his. The error lay in the construction of the house. Cooper was no architect.

There still remained in the roost five Indians. The boat has passed under and is now out of their reach. Let me explain what the five did—you would not be able to reason it out for yourself. No. 1 jumped for the boat, but fell in the water astern of it. Then No. 2 jumped for the boat, but fell in the water still further astern of it. Then No. 3 jumped for the boat, and fell a good way astern of it. Then No. 4 jumped for the boat, and fell in the water *away* astern. Then even No. 5 made a jump for the boat—for he was a Cooper Indian. In the matter of intellect, the difference between a Cooper Indian and the Indian that stands in front of the cigar shop is not spacious. The scow episode is really a sublime burst of invention; but it does not thrill, because the inaccuracy of the details throws a sort of air of fictitiousness and general improbability over it. This comes of Cooper's inadequacy as an observer.

The reader will find some examples of Cooper's high talent for inaccurate observation in the account of the shooting match in *The Pathfinder*. "A common wrought nail was driven lightly into the target, its head having been first touched with paint." The color of the paint is not stated—an important omission, but Cooper deals freely in important omissions. No, after all, it was not an important omission; for this nail head is *a hundred yards* from the marksman and could not be seen by them at that distance no matter what its color might be. How far can the best eyes see a common house fly? A hundred yards? It is quite impossible. Very well, eyes that cannot see a house fly that is a hun-

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dred yards away cannot see an ordinary nail head at that distance, for the size of the two objects is the same. It takes a keen eye to see a fly or a nail head at fifty yards—one hundred and fifty feet. Can the reader do it ?

The nail was lightly driven, its head painted, and game called. Then the Cooper miracles began. The bullet of the first marksman chipped an edge of the nail head ; the next man's bullet drove the nail a little way into the target—and removed all the paint. Haven't the miracles gone far enough now ? Not to suit Cooper ; for the purpose of this whole scheme is to show off his prodigy, Deerslayer-Hawkeye-Long-Rifle-Leather-Stocking-Pathfinder-Bumppo before the ladies.

"Be all ready to clench it, boys !" cried out Pathfinder, stepping into his friend's tracks the instant they were vacant. "Never mind a new nail ; I can see that, though the paint is gone, and what I can see, I can hit at a hundred yards, though it were only a mosquitos's eye. Be ready to clench !"

The rifle cracked, the bullet sped its way and the head of the nail was buried in the wood, covered by the piece of flattened lead.

There, you see, is a man who could hunt flies with a rifle, and command a ducal salary in a Wild West show to-day, if we had him back with us.

The recorded feat is certainly surprising, just as it stands ; but it is not surprising enough for Cooper. Cooper adds a touch. He has made Pathfinder do this miracle with another man's rifle, and not only that, but Pathfinder did not have even the advantage of loading it himself. He had everything against him, and yet he made that impossible shot, and not only made it, but did it with absolute confidence, saying, "Be ready to clench." Now a person like that would have undertaken that same feat with a brickbat, and with Cooper to help he would have achieved it, too.

Pathfinder showed off handsomely that day before the ladies. His very first feat was a thing which no Wild West show can touch. He was standing with the group of marksmen, observing —a hundred yards from the target, mind : one Jasper raised his rifle and drove the centre of the bull's-eye. Then the quartermaster fired. The target exhibited no result this time. There was a laugh. "It's a dead miss," said Major Lundie. Pathfinder waited an impressive moment or two, then said in that calm, indifferent, know-it-all way of his, "No, Major—he has covered

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Jasper's bullet, as will be seen if any one will take the trouble to examine the target."

Wasn't it remarkable! How *could* he see that little pellet fly through the air and enter that distant bullet-hole? Yet that is what he did; for nothing is impossible to a Cooper person. Did any of those people have any deep-seated doubts about this thing? No; for that would imply sanity, and these were all Cooper people.

The respect for Pathfinder's skill and for his *quickness and accuracy of sight* (the italics are mine) was so profound and general, that the instant he made this declaration the spectators began to distrust their own opinions, and a dozen rushed to the target in order to ascertain the fact. There, sure enough, it was found that the quartermaster's bullet had gone through the hole made by Jasper's, and that, too, so accurately as to require a minute examination to be certain of the circumstance, which, however, was soon clearly established by discovering one bullet over the other in the stump against which the target was placed.

They made a "minute" examination; but never mind, how could they know that there were two bullets in that hole without digging the latest one out? for neither probe nor eyesight could prove the presence of any more than one bullet. Did they dig? No; as we shall see. It is the Pathfinder's turn now; he steps out before the ladies, takes aim, and fires.

But alas! here is a disappointment; an incredible, an unimaginable disappointment—for the target's aspect is unchanged; there is nothing there but that same old bullet hole!

"If one dared to hint at such a thing," cried Major Duncan, "I should say that the Pathfinder has also missed the target."

As nobody had missed it yet, the "also" was not necessary; but never mind about that, for the Pathfinder is going to speak.

"No, no, Major," said he, confidently, "that *would* be a risky declaration. I didn't load the piece, and can't say what was in it, but if it was lead, you will find the bullet driving down those of the Quartermaster and Jasper, else is not my name Pathfinder."

A shout from the target announced the truth of this assertion.

Is the miracle sufficient as it stands? Not for Cooper. The Pathfinder speaks again, as he "now slowly advances towards the stage occupied by the females:"

"That's not all, boys, that's not all; if you find the target touched at all, I'll own to a miss. The Quartermaster cut the wood, but you'll find no wood cut by that last messenger."

The miracle is at last complete. He knew—doubtless *saw*—at the distance of a hundred yards—that his bullet had passed

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into the hole *without fraying the edges.* There were now three bullets in that one hole—three bullets imbedded processionally in the body of the stump back of the target. Everybody knew this —somehow or other—and yet nobody had dug any of them out to make sure. Cooper is not a close observer, but he is interesting. He is certainly always that, no matter what happens. And he is more interesting when he is not noticing what he is about than when he is. This is a considerable merit.

The conversations in the Cooper books have a curious sound in our modern ears. To believe that such talk really ever came out of people's mouths would be to believe that there was a time when time was of no value to a person who thought he had something to say; when it was the custom to spread a two-minute remark out to ten; when a man's mouth was a rolling-mill, and busied itself all day long in turning four-foot pigs of thought into thirty-foot bars of conversational railroad iron by attenuation; when subjects were seldom faithfully stuck to, but the talk wandered all around and arrived nowhere; when conversations consisted mainly of irrelevances, with here and there a relevancy, a relevancy with an embarrassed look, as not being able to explain how it got there.

Cooper was certainly not a master in the construction of dialogue. Inaccurate observation defeated him here as it defeated him in so many other enterprises of his. He even failed to notice that the man who talks corrupt English six days in the week must and will talk it on the seventh, and can't help himself. In the *Deerslayer* story he lets Deerslayer talk the showiest kind of book talk sometimes, and at other times the basest of base dialects. For instance, when some one asks him if he has a sweetheart, and if so, where she abides, this is his majestic answer:

"She's in the forest—hanging from the boughs of the trees, in a soft rain—in the dew on the open grass—the clouds that float about in the blue heavens—the birds that sing in the woods—the sweet springs where I slake my thirst—and in all the other glorious gifts that come from God's Providence!"

And he preceded that, a little before, with this:

"It consarns me as all things that touches a fri'nd consarns a fri'nd."

And this is another of his remarks:

"If I was Injin born, now, I might tell of this, or carry in the scalp and

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boast of the expl'ite afore the whole tribe; or if my inimy had only been a bear"—and so on.

We cannot imagine such a thing as a veteran Scotch Commander-in-Chief comporting himself in the field like a windy melodramatic actor, but Cooper could. On one occasion Alice and Cora were being chased by the French through a fog in the neighborhood of their father's fort:

"*Point de quartier aux coquins!*" cried an eager pursuer, who seemed to direct the operations of the enemy.

"Stand firm and be ready, my gallant 60ths!" suddenly exclaimed a voice above them; "wait to see the enemy; fire low, and sweep the glacis."

"Father! father!" exclaimed a piercing cry from out the mist; "it is I! Alice! thy own Elsie! spare, O! save your daughters!"

"Hold!" shouted the former speaker, in the awful tones of parental agony, the sound reaching even to the woods, and rolling back in solemn echo. "'Tis she! God has restored me my children! Throw open the sally-port; to the field, 60ths, to the field; pull not a trigger, lest ye kill my lambs! Drive off these dogs of France with your steel."

Cooper's word-sense was singularly dull. When a person has a poor ear for music he will flat and sharp right along without knowing it. He keeps near the tune, but it is *not* the tune. When a person has a poor ear for words, the result is a literary flatting and sharping; you perceive what he is intending to say, but you also perceive that he doesn't *say* it. This is Cooper. He was not a word-musician. His ear was satisfied with the *approximate* word. I will furnish some circumstantial evidence in support of this charge. My instances are gathered from half a dozen pages of the tale called *Deerslayer*. He uses "verbal," for "oral"; "precision," for "facility"; "phenomena," for "marvels"; "necessary," for "predetermined"; "unsophisticated," for "primitive"; "preparation," for "expectancy"; "rebuked," for "subdued"; "dependant on," for "resulting from"; "fact," for "condition"; "fact," for "conjecture"; "precaution," for "caution"; "explain," for "determine"; "mortified," for "disappointed"; "meretricious," for "factitious"; "materially," for "considerably"; "decreasing," for "deepening"; "increasing," for "disappearing"; "embedded," for "enclosed"; "treacherous," for "hostile"; "stood," for "stooped"; "softened," for "replaced"; "rejoined," for "remarked"; "situation," for "condition"; "different," for "differing"; "insensible," for "unsentient"; "brevity," for "celerity"; "distrusted," for "suspicious"; "mental imbe-

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cility," for "imbecility"; "eyes," for "sight"; "counteracting," for "opposing"; "funeral obsequies," for "obsequies."

There have been daring people in the world who claimed that Cooper could write English, but they are all dead now—all dead but Lounsbury. I don't remember that Lounsbury makes the claim in so many words, still he makes it, for he says that *Deerslayer* is a "pure work of art." Pure, in that connection, means faultless—faultless in all details—and language is a detail. If Mr. Lounsbury had only compared Cooper's English with the English which he writes himself—but it is plain that he didn't; and so it is likely that he imagines until this day that Cooper's is as clean and compact as his own. Now I feel sure, deep down in my heart, that Cooper wrote about the poorest English that exists in our language, and that the English of *Deerslayer* is the very worst than even Cooper ever wrote.

I may be mistaken, but it does seem to me that *Deerslayer* is not a work of art in any sense; it does seem to me that it is destitute of every detail that goes to the making of a work of art; in truth, it seems to me that *Deerslayer* is just simply a literary *delirium tremens*.

A work of art? It has no invention; it has no order, system, sequence, or result; it has no lifelikeness, no thrill, no stir, no seeming of reality; its characters are confusedly drawn, and by their acts and words they prove that they are not the sort of people the author claims that they are; its humor is pathetic; its pathos is funny; its conversations are—oh! indescribable; its love-scenes odious; its English a crime against the language.

Counting these out, what is left is Art. I think we must all admit that.

MARK TWAIN.

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CONTEMPORARY EGYPT.

BY THE HON. FREDERIC C. PENFIELD, U. S. DIPLOMATIC AGENT AND CONSUL-GENERAL TO EGYPT.

THE ending of two lives that had run in channels strangely similar redoubles interest over that country ever paramount in anomalous conditions—Egypt. Vocabularies of praise and censure have been well nigh exhausted on Ismaïl Pasha and De Lesseps, whose recent deaths were chronicled simply as items of news rather than events; but the nineteenth century is indebted to them for a work of incalculable value to the whole world, Egypt alone excepted.

Egypt reaps no benefit from the international waterway crossing its domain, uniting the Orient with the Occident; in fact, the Suez Canal, which has played a mighty political part, made and unmade khedives, and which, by strange fatality, passed from the control of the nation that built it to that of the country that strenuously fought its construction, is responsible for the modern bondage of the Egyptian people.

Prior to the giving of the canal concession, Egypt had no debt. Her credit was first pledged in Europe by Viceroy Said, who, to add lustre to his name, headed the subscriptions to the capital of the enterprise with $17,000,000, although the undertaking was to cost Egypt nothing, and from which for ninety-nine years she was to receive fifteen per cent. of the gross receipts. This laid the corner-stone of the new house of bondage.

Ismaïl succeeding to the throne, lent himself readily to the seductive project, learning how easy it was to borrow money by affixing his signature to an innocent-looking paper thoughtfully prepared in Europe. His first transaction was a matter of $30,000,000, and thenceforth there was frequent exchange between

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His Highness and Paris and London of these innocent-looking papers, for gold.

There were many investors in the scheme, but it seemed as if Egypt alone fed the insatiable monster with money. Native workmen digging the ditch, received no pay. It was forced labor. But the French Emperor awarded the French company an enormous sum for Ismaïl's breach of contract, when he sent the fellaheen back to their fields, such of them as survived fevers and starvation. Egypt paid, of course.

The colossal work completed, Ismaïl's magnificent extravagance devised a celebration of fitting splendor, from his Oriental standpoint. The opening of the canal in 1869 outranked in gorgeousness anything described in the Arabian Nights. Royalties and notables, from Europe, were treated to a *fête* in Cairo transcending the wildest dreams of Haroun-al-Raschid, lasting a month, over which the Merry Monarch spent $21,000,000 of the people's money.

History reveals nothing equal to Ismaïl's carnival of extravagance. In thirteen years he added to Egypt's exterior burden $430,000,000, and increased the taxation of his subjects more than fifty per cent.

A day of reckoning came, however, when engagements could not be met, for Egypt was hypothecated to its fullest value, and the usurers of Europe made such outcry that Ismail was forced by the Sultan to surrender his throne and go into exile. Forseeing the crash, he had sold to the British Government his own shares for $20,000,000, on which the Egyptian treasury for twenty years faithfully paid five per cent. interest. This purchase illustrated Disraeli's shrewdness, for by prompt action he prevented the shares from going to France. They are to-day worth more than four times what they cost, and secure to England the voting control. The promised fifteen per cent. of tolls had also been sacrificed by Ismaïl, as security on which to borrow the last few millions necessary to complete the canal.

The dethroned Khedive's bequest to his country was a debt of $450,000,000, not two-thirds of which sum ever left the hands of the bankers' agents and negotiators. The principal work over which it was spent was the canal, not to belong to Egypt until 1968. Docks at Alexandria and Suez, and a few hundred miles of railways and telegraphs, costing perhaps ten per cent. of the

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sum borrowed, represented the benefits to his nation. Steam vessels of useless pattern, stucco palaces, gilded coaches and operatic scores and costumes, formed meagre assets.

In Tewfik's reign there were many evidences of financial disintegration, such as obdurate creditors, commissions of liquidation, an Anglo-French financial control, and the like. The burden of the fellaheen was almost unbearable. The cry of "Egypt for the Egyptians" meant much, and the Arabi rebellion, a direct outcome of the people's condition, menaced the authority of the Khedive, until stifled by an English fleet and soldiers in 1882. France, it is asserted, did not deem it necessary to bombard the Alexandrian forts held by the rebels, and, declining to share the responsibilities of such an act, her fleet steamed away from the Egypt in which Frenchmen had held sway from the coming of Napoleon in 1798.

Military and civil "occupation" by the British followed, its object being to restore the authority of the Khedive and repair the fortunes of the land by administrative reform. Consequently the year 1882 becomes the epoch from which dates everything current in discussing Egyptian affairs. The indebtedness when the reform policy was instituted reached nearly $475,000,000, bearing six or seven per cent. interest, speaking generally. As a class Egyptian securities ruled very low on European bourses in 1882. "Unifieds" for a time were 46½, and other designations were even less. An average quotation for several months was 50, meaning that prudent investors would give only $237,500,000 for the Egytian debt.

It has never been possible to determine the nationality of holders of Egyptian bonds. Interest coupons are presented in London, Paris, Berlin and Cairo, and naturally at the place where exchange is highest, or where income taxes can be escaped. It is believed, however, that English people hold more than half of them. A British financier estimates that five-eighths better represents the stake of his country-people. If so, England's share of the debt in 1882 was about $296,875,000, worth in the market $148,437,500.

Entanglements of every sort beset the work of regeneration entered upon by Tewfik Pasha and the foreigners electing to labor with him. For years it was a neck and neck race with bankruptcy. Indemnification of Alexandrians whose property was destroyed

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by reason of the rebellion, the military disaster resulting in the loss of the Soudan, and other inevitable expenses swelled the debt by nearly $40,000,000. The soil—the sole producing agent of the country—needed better and more extended irrigation, and a fresh loan was actually negotiated in Europe to make useful the Nile barrage, at the apex of the Delta, regulating the supply of water used by the cotton cultivators.

At last fortune turned, and hypercritical Europe was satisfied of the solvency of the country of the Nile. It is a popular fallacy that the debt has been reduced since England's co-operation began: it has been materially added to. But the character of the security—in other words, the intrinsic worth of the country—has been so improved that owners of bonds have willingly reduced the rate of interest by nearly half.

Egypt's emergence from practical bankruptcy, with its obligations quoted almost as high as English consols, reads like a romance; and there is no better object lesson in economical progress, through administrative reform, than that presented by contemporary Egypt.

Taking the figures of the debt in 1882, with England's share estimated at $296,875,000, and "Egyptians" now touching four per cent. premium, the appreciation is something enormous. The difference between the estimated value then and the known value to-day of England's supposed share is no less than $149,625,000! Of course the advance has benefited all bondholders proportionately—French, German, Italian, Austrian and Russian, as well as English.

The amount and details of the debt at the present time are as follows:

Guaranteed loan,	3	per cent. (quoted 6½ premium)	$42,442,866
Privileged debt,	3½	per cent. (quoted 1¾ premium)	142,854,793
Unified debt,	4	per cent. (quoted 4¾ premium)	272,037,625
Domain loan,	4¼	per cent. (quoted 7 premium)	19,418,421
Daïra Sanieh loan,	4	per cent. (quoted 2½ premium)	32,191,589
Total bonded debt			$508,945,299

This debt, applying as it does to an agricultural population of 7,000,000 people, where manual labor is worth from fifteen to twenty cents a day, and to only about 9,000 square miles of tillable soil—an area a trifle less than New Hampshire or Vermont in extent—is almost overpowering. Frenchmen and Englishmen owe more per capita, but their resources are incomparably greater,

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and their creditors are their own countrymen. The American, owing about $15, may well pity the lot of the Egyptian, who owes $72.70.

The Egyptian question in its popular aspect is one of administration, rather than of politics, and that the work of establishing financial equilibrium has been successful is obvious. Recuperation has been brought about by checking waste and dishonesty, and developing the soil and adding to the cultivated territory by irrigation. The abolition of slavery merits universal praise, as does the suppression of forced labor for public works, with the attendant curse of the courbash. The improvement in native jurisprudence has likewise been conspicuous, for native courts now have more than a semblance of justice. The reduction by half of the price of salt, and railroad and postal rates, proves the wisdom of legislating for the earning classes, by double service.

Changes of any sort are made with difficulty, because of unique conditions. The cash box guarded by representatives of six European governments, and treaty privileges existing with fourteen powers, some of which are not in harmony with the present conduct of affairs in Egypt, make progress difficult. Hence the restoration of the country to easy prosperity, at a period when shrinkage in prices of cotton, sugar and grain has been great, must be regarded as a conspicuous triumph. Khedive Abbas and his co-workers, whoever they may be, have much to accomplish still. But system and economy now established, the attainment of permanent success will not be difficult.

It is too early for speculation as to the reversionary value of the Suez Canal. Yearly more and more necessary to commercial interchange with India and the bountiful East, sceptics assert that in time it may be treated as toll roads and bridges have been the world over—thrown open to the public, and maintained by a nominal tax on vessels using it, after the manner of lighthouses. It has brought Egypt into unfortunate prominence as stragetical ground, certainly, and the prospect is not reassuring, say carpers, that the world's greatest artery of marine travel (responsible for the borrowing habit of past rulers of Egypt) will ever bring substantial benefit to the Egyptians. Some indemnification of Egypt would be demanded by public opinion, surely. Last year's tolls were about $15,000,000, and for 1895 should be as good as $17,000,000. In 1894 the British flag represented 71½ per cent.

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of the traffic, as against 5½ for France. The number of steamers passing through was 3,352. Next to England, Germany is the principal user of the canal.

As in other small countries, where the gulf between the masses and the upper class is wide, bureaucracy is a crying evil. It is estimated that two per cent. of the able-bodied men serve the government in some capacity. Nepotism formerly had full play, and it is difficult now to make the people understand that merit rather than favor should place one in the public service. Ministries and public offices appear to be overloaded with subordinates of every conceivable nationality. As a rule, the responsible heads of departments are Englishmen, but among the clerks more French than British subjects are found, and official correspondence is couched in French or Arabic. Salaries seem strangely out of proportion. Cabinet members are paid $15,000 a year, and under-secretaries $7,500—twice what Washington officials receive. Offices are open only in the forenoon, and five hours is the official day's work. In that halcyon period known as "the good old days," there were more civil servants in Egypt than in Great Britain, with five times the population. Thorough reform has yet to be accomplished, in the opinion of the economist.

The "international" aspect of Egypt is a hindrance to practical economy, say many. The Commission of the Debt, for illustration, brings to Cairo delegates of the powers which are the country's creditors. Each is paid a salary of $10,000 by the Khedivial Government for watching the interests of his countrymen, who hold bonds quoted at a handsome premium. Having no voice in fixing the rate of interest or the amounts going to the different countries, it occurs to the reformer that a competent accountant could perform the service of these six men, with a great saving to the taxpayer. Also, the railway system of less than eleven hundred miles, is managed by three princely-paid men, acting for England, France and Egypt. Similarly, the spirit of internationalism dominates the Daïra Sanieh, State Domains, and other divisions of the government, and aggregates a mighty draft on the exchequer. But the customs and post office departments, each with a single head, are models of perfection.

A striking feature of railway management in Egypt is that only 43 per cent. of the receipts go for operating expenses. Native labor and moderate speed of ordinary trains make this

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possible. The governmental railways last year carried 9,827,813 passengers, and receipts from all sources were $8,870,000. By reason of sweeping reductions in fares the number of passengers has been doubled in six years. Two years hence all-rail travel will be possible from the Mediterranean to the first cataract of the Nile.

Augmentation of winter travel to the Nile is helping the lot of the Egyptian materially. Last season's pleasure and health-seekers, 7,500 in number, distributed $5,000,000 in the country, half of which came from Americans.

The purchasing power, held to be indicative of a nation's pecuniary condition, has kept pace with other statistics. In 1882 the imports were valued at $32,127,650; in 1890, $40,409,635; and 1894, $46,330,000. Exports for the same years—cotton, cotton seed, grain and sugar—were valued at $54,977,850, $59,373,490 and $59,420,000 respectively. Over fifty per cent. of the foreign commerce is with Great Britain. The cotton crop, wholly exported, produces nearly $45,000,000. Of this, the United States buys about $3,000,000 worth annually. The tonnage at the port of Alexandria has nearly doubled since 1882. Last year the arrivals represented 2,221,145 tons. That of French ships has multiplied at a rate unequalled by any other flag.

There has been vast improvement in the *morale* of the Egyptian army, and it is now as well disciplined and efficient as when General Stone and his American associates placed it on a stable footing a quarter of a century ago. It comprises 15,000 men, but with the military police as an adjunct in emergencies, the full strength is 21,000. Soldiers are conscientiously looked after, well clothed and fed, and hygiene is considered. The commander and seventy-six other officers are "borrowed" from the British Government and paid twice the amount of their home salaries. The common soldier gets only five cents a day. In the towns the practice is general to purchase immunity from conscription, costing $100 a man, which adds considerably to the war office funds. The British Army of Occupation, garrisoning Cairo and Alexandria, numbers 4,200 men of all grades. Its status must be that of a component part of the Khedive's forces, although there is misconception regarding the matter. The red coats are in Egypt on liberal financial terms, for Egypt pays only the difference between the cost of home and foreign service. This is about $435,000

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a year. The British Government's share is about $1,250,000 annually. There can be no monetary loss to the country in which they are quartered, for most of the soldiers spend all their pay, England's and Egypt's money as well. How long the arrangement is to be maintained is a problem which, like the fine distinctions between "occupation" and "protection," can only be treated by one writing of political Egypt.

To carry on the government requires about $50,000,000 a year. It was more in times when budget-making was the merest guesswork, and deficiencies could be explained by the convenient phrase "insufficiency of receipts." The Budget of the current year allows expenditures of $48,000,000, and is based upon receipts of $51,300,000. Any balance will be divided equally between the governmental sinking fund and a reduction of the debt. The heaviest outlay is for interest on foreign indebtedness, $18,854,185, while the annual tribute to the Sultan consumes $3,325,205 more. The Khedive, khedivial family, and palace expenses coming under the head of "Civil List," call for $1,169,305. To maintain the army and military police costs $2,381,085, and civil and military pensions $2,150,000 more.

Direct taxation on land, date trees, etc., produces $25,000,000, the balance of revenue being made up by "indirect taxes"—customs receipts (eight per cent. on imports and one per cent. on exports), profit from the salt monopoly, stamp duties, receipts from railways, post offices, telegraphs, ports and courts of justice.

A reform of the greatest importance now in progress, is the adjustment of inequalities in the land tax, the present scheme being full of anomalies. It is not unusual to find land rented at $30 and $35 per acre paying only $2.50 in taxes. In olden times there was no rule for its collection, and the collector went prepared to take from the farmer every penny his crops had produced, and then flog him into borrowing on mortgage any additional sum his rapacious master felt in need of. There was no pretense of fairness, and not until Tewfik's reign was a receipt of any kind given the peasant to show he had paid his taxes and that no more was due for the current year. Simple as it was, nothing more potent for alleviating the position of the masses was ever inaugurated. It was a reform that benefited every tiller of the soil, and was operative before "the coming of the English."

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The scheme of taxation now in force is arbitrary and inequitable. A definite tax is specified for large tracts, which some of the land only is capable of paying. The work in hand is to base this schedule upon rental values, that each acre may be assessed commensurately with its producing capacity. The country is promised that the total tax—$23,900,000 on the 5,237,200 acres of cultivated soil—is not to be increased. This means that the small holder is to pay less per acre, and the pasha landlord, once powerful enough to have his thousands of acres assessed at whatever he chose, will pay more proportionately. The glaring inequalities had been brought into prominence by the low prices of crops, and it had become imperative to devise a remedy.

It will surprise American farmers to know that their brethren in ancient Egypt, some of them, pay a land tax of $8.20 per acre annually, and that the average tax for the country is $4.56 per acre. This maximum tax is on lands in the Delta, possessing such exceptional richness that five hundredweight or more of cotton per acre is produced each year with comparative certainty.

The land tax has ever been the millstone about the neck of the Egyptian, sapping his energies and stunting his intellectual growth. The ancestors of the peasant now toiling from long before sunrise until after sunset, nearly every day in the year, have been farmers since the world began. What has their incessant toil produced? Nile farmers have ever been wretchedly poor, certainly.

To day's prosperity of the fellah, permitting him to have a few dollars after harvesting, to eat meat occasionally, and seek recreation at religious fairs, is of recent origin and slow growth. It began with the introduction of tax receipts, and has been nurtured at intervals by trifling reductions in taxation, as the area has been added to by irrigation at a rate in excess of the government's pecuniary needs.

Being humanely treated, the Egyptian to-day realizes that he is a human being, and it is the opinion of those capable of judging, that more has been done in the last fifteen years for him than ever before in a century. Tewfik Pasha inaugurated the good work, and the administration, headed by Abbas Pasha, is carrying it forward with intelligent perseverance.

The country's obligations to European creditors are sufficiently menacing to compel the small farmer to keep out of the

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clutches of the money-lender at his gates, if he can. Nevertheless, the indebtedness secured by farm mortgages is greater than it should be, and critics allege this as certain proof that the boasted prosperity of the country is fictitious, and exhibit statistics to coincide with their argument. Critics of another sort array figures calculated to show that the aggregate mortgage indebtedness is very small, less than $40,000,000, and that it is the large holders—owning from fifty acres upwards—who have pledged their property; and, further, that they have done this to buy more land, confident of an appreciation of values. It is a fact that the proportion of small holders borrowing by mortgage is trifling, and they are the people whose welfare first deserves consideration.

It is claimed that less than nine per cent. of the land bears mortgages, the aggregate indebtedness amounting to $8 an acre. An average value of the cultivated soil is thought to be $115 an acre.

Readers of mathematical mind, discovering that the foreign indebtedness represents definitely $97.17 on every acre of productive soil, and adding the $8 of home burden (probably understated), find that but little equity remains to the Egyptian, who for more than seven thousand years has been the most industrious and light-hearted of husbandmen. Simply speaking, it means an equity of only $10 an acre; or, each inhabitant averaging three-quarters of an acre of productive earth, a remaining "margin" of $7.50 per person. And his energy must not flag for generations to come, lest his fellow-creature in enlightened Europe be in arrears over his interest on "Egyptians." Blessed be Allah!

Egypt presents a striking example of a Mussulman country possessing a system of laws harmonizing with European and Western world civilization. Its international tribunals are unparalleled in the great domain of civil law, yet comparatively little seems to be known of them outside the Levant.

The "capitulations," or treaties, between the Christian powers and the Ottoman Empire regulating the privileges of foreigners within the Turkish dominions, some of which are many centuries old, occasioned so much confusion of jurisdiction in Egypt, where so many Christian nationalities were represented, that Nubar Pasha called the attention of Ismaïl to the necessity for some reform, and himself drew up a project which was communicated to all the governments having representatives in Egypt.

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As a result an International Commission assembled in 1869, under the presidency of Nubar, who was Minister of Foreign Affairs, and united in a report recommending the scheme. This was signed by the representatives of the United States, Austria, Germany, England, France, Russia and Italy. At subsequent conventions Belgium, Spain, Holland, Greece, Portugal, Denmark and Sweden-Norway approved the plan. On June 28th, 1875, Khedive Ismaïl inaugurated the Court at Alexandria, although it was not until February 1st, 1876, that the new system of jurisprudence was actually launched.

The procedure is practically that of France, the Code Napoleon, modified to suit the circumstances of a country where local custom and religious obligations must be respected. The jurisdiction is stated in this extract from the Code itself:

"The new tribunals shall have cognizance of all controversies in matters civil or commercial between natives and foreigners, or between foreigners of different nationalities. Apart from questions touching the *statut personnel* (questions of wills, succession, heirship and the like, which are regulated by the laws of the country of the individual), they shall have cognizance of all questions touching real estate between all persons, even though they belong to the same (foreign) nationality."

It is of good augury for the national progress that the Tribunals have won the confidence of both natives and foreigners, and that the government bows to their authority. Europe needed no better proof of their efficacy than when Ismaïl and the government itself were brought before the Court of Appeal as defendants, having failed to meet obligations to foreign creditors.

An idea of the work of the Tribunals is given in the statistics of their labors from February 1, 1876, to October 31, 1894, showing that 135,555 suits had been instituted, and 130,449 terminated by decision. Thousands of suits have been concluded without decision—by arbitration or withdrawal. In addition to final decrees, many thousands of intermediate judgments and decrees have been pronounced; and all have to be written out, not only as to terms, but motives justifying the conclusion of the court also.

The practice is common for a native having an important suit to assign his interest to a foreign friend, to give the International Courts jurisdiction of his cause, thus securing intelligent and fair consideration. Two years since, when some of the powers were dilatory in giving their adhesion to the extension of the

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courts—for every five years there is a formal renewal—something like a panic occurred among the commercial community.

Courts of First Instance are located at Cairo, Alexandria and Mansourah, and the Court of Appeal is at Alexandria. The minimum pecuniary limit of appeal is $400. Three languages are recognized in pleadings and documents—French, Italian and Arabic. The foreign counsellors of the appellate court, nine in number, receive a yearly salary of $9,250 each, and their four native colleagues half as much. For the three lower courts twenty-seven foreign judges are employed, each receiving a salary of $7,000, their fourteen native coadjutors receiving half as much. Five judges—three foreign and two native—sit at a time. The United States, like other great powers, have one representative in the upper, and two in the lower courts. While the Tribunals were not intended to be profit-earners, their receipts for years have been considerably in excess of expenses.

England's participation in the affairs of Egypt has not been felt in the Mixed Courts, where the English language and law are unknown. It is claimed there has never been occasion for British influence to show itself, the institution being strictly international, with thirteen other nations watchful of their rights. Consular courts still have criminal jurisdiction, in accordance with the original "capitulations" of the Sublime Porte.

The lay investigator meets many obstacles in an attempt to understand the procedure of the Native Tribunals, of which there are seven at populous points, with a Court of Appeal at Cairo, and many summary courts. Almost every variety of law is dealt in—organic, Koranic, usage, etc. Nearly 32,000 cases were decided last year in these courts.

It is the veriest fiction of thought that the Egyptian himself is being Europeanized, as one learning of the Egyptian administrative policy might infer. He is being superficially modernized only, which he does not object to so long as his beloved religion is not molested. At heart he is as unchangeable as the sphinx, and Islamism must ever dwell on the banks of the Nile.

FREDERIC COURTLAND PENFIELD.

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THIRTY YEARS IN THE GRAIN TRADE.

BY EGERTON R. WILLIAMS.

ON viewing briefly the history of the grain trade for the last three decades, which measure nearly the limit of the writer's experience, the chief difficulty encountered is not that of calling to mind the many prominent changes, developments and their most important effects, but of giving full credence thereto; and this in the face of personal knowledge of many of them and of authentic statistical corroboration of many more. In no previous thirty years of this country's history has such phenomenal progress been made in all that pertains to man's material welfare—progress so far beyond any precedent that we are tempted to believe there can be no counterpart in the future.

In this article we shall consider the word "trade" not merely in the ordinary significance of traffic, but in the broader sense, inclusive of production and consumption.

The first effect of an extended and cheapened telegraphic service was the seeming drawing nearer to each other of the grain importing countries of Europe and the exporting countries of America, Asia, Australia, and Argentina, resulting in an almost complete abandonment of the old—and since Europe's infant commercial days—established custom of procuring and storing supplies several months in advance of their requirements. A hand-to-mouth system was adopted, purchases were made by cable, and time of shipment arranged to meet the wants of the European miller and corn factor. This new method brought about in time keener competition and reduced commissions or profits to the exporter, the importer, and the European factor.

The differences in value between the markets of consumption and those of production narrowed to an unprecedented extent, and this narrow margin for expenses and profit has, in exceptional

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instances, continued ever since, and bids fair to continue indefinitely. This reduction in the cost of delivered grain inures, of course, chiefly to the consumer's advantage.

It is an anomalous condition of things commercial, but nevertheless generally true, that the more grain there is to be transported the less are the per-bushel-earnings of the inland and ocean carrier. The solution lies in the fact that, as a rule, large crops produce low prices, consequent upon supply being in excess of demand; and low freights are the usual accompaniment of low prices. The converse of this proposition is generally a commercial fact.

The railroads of late years have entered so keenly into competition with the Lake routes for the grain traffic that, to meet this speedy, effective, and cheap land transportation, the construction of steam vessels and tows of very large capacity and increased speed, became imperative. These lake leviathans require in the aggregate but few men for their management, and being run at very small expense, compared with other tonnage differently constructed, or, when their immense capacity is considered, have been able not only to successfully compete with land transit, but to make such minimum rates of freight as to result in driving from the traffic—if not from the lakes—vessels of small tonnage, and in placing a permanent embargo upon their further construction.

Freights have fallen from an average range on the lakes of 7–15c. to 1–3c.; on the ocean, from 10–15c. to 2–6c.; and all rail to the seaboard from 30–45c. to 9–15c. per bushel.

The adoption of the hand-to-mouth policy by our millers and dealers (and this same policy governs their customers and their customers' customers, until the purchaser of the 10-pound bag of flour is reached) is largely due to the narrow margin of profit generally obtainable. This profit is not very infrequently, particularly in large transactions, so small and unremunerative that a reversal of the old system is very often the safer course. Sale is made by the miller of his product, and by the dealer of grain or flour, before the purchase is effected. What can better illustrate the radical change a few short years have effected in business methods than we here find, in that, what at as late a period as the 70's was deemed hazardous gambling, indulged in by a few and frowned upon by a vast majority, is now commended and

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preferred by the most conservative. In fact, it is this class who most frequently make sale of property not at the time in their possession nor owned by them.

We well remember how very slow Europeans were to take advantage of the above noted method of protection against loss of moment on their purchases, even when strongly adverse markets with them offered the most convincing motive. But these theoretic moralists are to-day, and of late years have been, among the largest "wind" operators on our exchanges, and, more than that, have transferred flourishing twigs from this *indigenous* American speculative plant to their own shores.

Paralleling to some extent in importance and degree, the phenomenal increase in grain area and production in the United States, has been the decline thereof in England since 1869, when free trade in wheat and all other farm products was first fully established. In that year about 97 per cent. of England's population, viz.: 18½ millions out of a total of 19 millions, were fed upon English home-grown wheat. In 1890, with a population of 25 millions, only 5 millions were supplied with English wheat, a falling off of 77 per cent.

The decrease in wheat acreage in 40 years, from 1846 to 1886 was nearly 66 per cent., viz.: from 3½ million acres to 1,200,000 acres. This decline is not attributable to exhaustion of wheat lands, for the average yield continued to be, and still is, about 28 bushels per acre, against 12$\frac{3}{10}$ in the United States, 16 in France, 11 in Germany, 8 in Russia and 10 in Italy. "It is almost certain that the wheat area (English) will be the smallest in a century" (*Mark Lane Express*, October 15, 1894). A better appreciation, by the general reader, of the extent of the disaster resulting from a falling off in home crops sufficient in 1869 to feed 97 per cent. of population, to crops competent to supply only 20 per cent. in 1890, can be gathered from the following data obtained from figures furnished by "Her Majesty's Commissioner of Customs."

In 1890, the imports of the United Kingdom of wheat, wheatmeal and flour amounted in value to 270 millions of dollars. Total imports of farm products, live animals included, in the same year reached the enormous total of 555 millions of dollars, or more than one-third of the whole value of British exports of all classes for the said year, and at the rate of about 14½ dollars per

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capita. These enormous importations appear incredible when we consider that the British Isles have about 45 millions of acres of arable land to maintain less than 40 millions of people—being over 1⅛ acres for each inhabitant.

The estimated British imports, wheat and flour, for 1895 are 189,799,680 bushels, against 152,474,000 in 1890, and 119,894,431 in 1877.

In most striking and, to us, most gratifying contrast to the above truly appalling figures is the exhibit of our agricultural condition made by ex-President Harrison in his last annual message. We quote as follows: "The value of total farm products has increased from $1,363,646,866 in 1860 to $4,500,000,000 in 1891, as estimated by statisticians—an increase of 230 per cent." The total farm value of grain, hay, potato and tobacco products alone reached in 1894 the enormous total of $1,630,861,632, with prices at minimum figures. The average annual increment from 1821 to 1890 is stated at $901,000,000. The wealth added in the thirty years 1860 to 1890 was forty-nine milliards—more than the total wealth of Great Britain. Agricultural wealth has been quadrupled in forty years, and urban wealth has multiplied sixteen-fold.

When, in addition to the enormous decrease in England's acreage, we reflect upon the low wheat values which, with occasional exceptions, have ruled during the past four years—notably this year—the impoverishment of the English farmer dependent upon grain products can be, in a measure at least, imagined. He is favored with a high average yield and low wages, but these advantages are more than offset by high rentals and low prices. The excess of price which he obtains beyond that of the American farmer is by radical reduction in through transportation, inland and ocean, very greatly less than that prevailing a comparatively few years ago. While the American farmer pays higher wages, he pays less of them, through the substitution of steam and horse machinery for manual labor. Again, his land freehold, the price paid per acre for his land in the far West and Northwest, is in many instances less than the leasehold of his English competitor. This the latter pays yearly, the former but once. Statistics show that the farmer in England pays in rental, taxes, and poor rates about $14 per year on every acre of wheat land; and the wheat producer of America who rents his farm pays on an average in rental and taxes only about $2 per acre.

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The lowest price for English wheat recorded in 104 years was 17s. 7d., or 52c. per bushel in October, 1894, against $1.78¼, average in 1873, and $1.22½, average for 21 years—1873 to 1893. The average price in each decade for 250 years—1640 to 1890—was $1.53 per bushel. The highest in this period was $3.79½, in 1812. In 1243 the price ruled as low as 2s. per quarter, or 6c. per bushel, and in 1597 as high as $3.12. In this connection we give the following extract from an English journal: "A national conference of British agriculturists was lately held in London, attended by representatives of nearly every organization of farmers in the kingdom. A dispatch says that doleful tales were interchanged among the farmers present of farms being deserted, the soil untilled, and agriculture brought to the verge of ruin. The Right Hon. Henry Chaplin said he feared the oldest industry in the country was near supreme disaster; that the public had no idea of the gravity of the crisis, and that the constant and apparently limitless fall in prices had brought ruin to thousands of persons. When he mentioned protection as a possible remedy the word was received with wild cheering, and he was cheered with even greater enthusiasm when he said that if he were compelled to choose between ruin of farming and protection, he would choose protection."

What of the English miller in his race with the American for the English trade? The positively incredible increase in our exports of flour the past few years—an increase so startling as to invite the skepticism of even those conversant with shipping statistics—affords ample answer to the above query. That the American has proved an undoubted victor figures demonstrate beyond question.

The total exports of flour in the two fiscal years 1892-93 and 1893-94 were 33,479,870 barrels (sacks classified as barrels), of which 20,349,039 went to Great Britain.

A factor in favor of the American miller is his incurring of through freight only upon the net product, whereas his competitor, who imports foreign wheat, necessarily incurs freight upon the net product and upon the offal from the wheat also.

Another favorable factor is found in the reduced ocean freight obtainable upon flour shipped in bags of various sizes instead of barrels, by reason of the much greater facility for stowage of the former. Further benefit of this method of shipment is derived

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from the increased demand from dealers in Great Britain and Continental Europe for packages of sizes to suit individual purchasers, large and small, and also from a saving of expense of extra handling and packing, inseparably connected with barrel shipments.

We may therefore justly infer that the conditions, present and prospective, of the English miller, through the competition of his keen-edged rival, may be in not a few instances even worse than that of his farmer-countrymen; the latter can, and in very many shires has, let his farm "go to grass," and with some resultant profit; while the former, having no alternative course, may find that, try as he may, "10 mills do not make a cent."

The American agriculturist, who, in company with agriculturists the world over, has suffered the penalty of over-production, can trace a large portion of his own trouble to his own door. Unlike the more scientific European or Canadian farmer, who saves his soil by rotation of crops, the American maintains an unbroken monotony of wheat-raising, to the impoverishment alike of his land and of himself. Wheat in the Chicago market has fallen from an annual average of $1.11\frac{1}{8}$ for twenty-six years 1867 to 1892, to a minimum of 54 cents in 1893, 50 cents in 1894, and 49 cents in January, 1895.

Verily, a knotty problem of the future is not the one agitated a few years ago: "How shall the nations of the world be fed?" but, "What shall be done with the surplus that the nations produce?" There is a limit to the consumption, to the bread wants of the people of the inhabited portions of this globe of ours; but statisticians have been unable to define the extent of the capability of production, particularly of countries of continental area such as America, India, Russia, Argentina, Australia, and Canada.

Exceptional partial crop failures, such as lately recorded in Argentina and now threatened in America, offer some temporary solution of the problem. Through such influences accumulated surpluses can be reduced.

The aggregate production of those, which in the writer's youth were termed "the great wheat-producing States," the wheat belt of the country, would now afford a subject for merriment to the "Farmer Princes" of the far West, the possessors of farms each of which yields an output greater than that of counties in the

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olden times. Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York, with her universally known fruitful Genesee Valley, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Kentucky, have been shorn of many of their wheat laurels. "Westward the star of empire takes its way." The control of the future destinies of this country will be determined by the nation's majority whose dwellings will be west of the Mississippi; and thitherward has already travelled the "wheat empire."

One of the greatest anomalies, probably the greatest, in the grain trade, is that the measure of value is determined by the comparatively small quantity that is shipped, and that the much greater quantity that is consumed at home is no more of an actual factor in the foreign market than if it did not exist. The first conclusion after consideration of this matter would very naturally be as follows: For the goods we send to the European market, in which we are aware we shall find competition from other sellers from other countries, of articles of the same or approximate quality to our own, for these goods we must accept the best bid obtainable and rest content therewith. But that the European prices should determine, should definitely and arbitrarily fix American values, that the less factor should control the greater, is an incongruity difficult for many to comprehend or with which to become reconciled. The burden of the complaint of the producing, milling, trading, and transporting interests is that the "verdict of values" is rendered in a foreign, competitive, consumers' market, where the preponderance of interest and of influence is on the side of low prices. That the classes named are the chief sufferers from low markets, and the home and foreign consumers the beneficiaries, "goes without saying." This foreign dictation is therefore by no means an unmixed evil; in fact, those benefited are the great majority, and that there is no remedy is evident. *The surplus of exporting countries must always determine home values*, and this surplus must be disposed of in the world's markets.

And what of the cotton producer? Does he escape the foreign yoke? By no means. The American cotton market quotations are virtually made in Liverpool; the smallest fractional vibration of the "speculative pendulum" there meets with instant response on our exchanges.

The list is not yet complete. England, the wealthiest of all

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nations, and, with her colonies, the most extended, and the most ambitious for further extension, not content with controlling the values of our farm products, has sought, and in many instances with signal success, to largely influence if not control the products of many of our railways and also of numbers of our manufacturing industries.

This she accomplishes, and it must be admitted fairly and honorably, by the purchase of large blocks of the stocks of these different corporations. This barter or exchange is mutually acceptable. America wants the British gold and England wants more remunerative investments than can be found at home.

While it is true that the London stock market has by no means the effective or the continuous influence on the New York Stock Exchange that the English grain and cotton markets have on the American, and that at frequent times New York is the dominant force, it is undeniable that in no inconsiderable portion of each year our prices of leading railway and other stocks and bonds which are listed on the London Board are largely, if not wholly, controlled there. England, scores of years ago, earned for herself the proud title of "Mistress of the Seas"; has she not by peaceful methods also earned the title of "Mistress of the World's Export Markets?"

Lack of space prevents the discussion in this article of the following topics: The merits and demerits of the method of trading in grain for future delivery as evidenced in its practical workings; some of the probable effects of the present system of publication of weekly and monthly Governmental and State reports (of more or less questionable accuracy) of the "conditions" of the growing crops from the time the seed is sown until the harvest is complete; the effects of the full information given to the "consuming world" of the actual quantities of grain in our storehouses, coupled with approximate estimates of the surplus left in producers' hands; and prominent features connected with the almost complete abolition of the at one time universal and centuries-old custom of the sale and purchase of grain and flour through commission merchants, or agents who have been supplanted by *principals*, with whom profit and loss, not commissions, are the reward.

The system of purchasing and selling grain for future delivery was introduced, if we recollect aright, in the latter part of the

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60's. We recall, as if it were yesterday, the first transaction made on our Toledo Exchange; how, with "bated breath and startled ears," the members heard the offer and acceptance by the Presidents of two National banks, of a contract for the delivery of 5,000 bushels of wheat at a stated price during the following month. How little we then realized how familiar in a few short years—yes, it may be said in a few months—we would become with such really legitimate and lawful transactions; how widespread, in fact, universal, they would become, and what a momentous influence for the welfare of mankind they would exert on the commerce of the world.

The disastrous effects to this agricultural country of the late panic would have been intensified several fold by the enforced cash marketings from the crop of 1893 and from the immense wheat surpluses left over from the excessive crops of 1891 and 1892—which enforced marketings became imperative by reason of the impecunious condition of the farming community as a whole—had not the system of trading in grain for future delivery established speculatively higher future prices, which induced capitalists to assume and carry the burden of the large stocks in all our leading markets. Elevator proprietors and other moneyed men made equivalent cash purchases and future sales, which protected and benefited them, and to an immense degree protected and benefited the farming community, and, in fact, the whole country.

Radical abuses, such as grain "corners," undue speculation and its attendant evils, have been occasional and unavoidable accompaniments of this modern system, but these abuses form no basis for argument against the method itself.

The use or abuse of any factor for the good of mankind is simply man's treatment of God's gifts.

EGERTON R. WILLIAMS.

NOTE.—Since the writing of this article, a deficiency of sufficient magnitude in the wheat crops of America and of the world has become so definitely assured as to promise the, at least temporary, restoration of values to a level approximating and, possibly, greatly above the cost of production. Such a radical change, while fraught with serious injury to many producers and consumers, would prove of incalculable benefit to the world at large. E. R. W.

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HOW FREE SILVER WOULD AFFECT US.

BY THE HON. EDWARD O. LEECH, LATE DIRECTOR OF THE MINT.

It is important to understand clearly and exactly what the free coinage of silver under present conditions means. It may be defined as the right of anyone to deposit silver of any kind at a mint of the United States, and have every 371¼ grains of pure silver (now worth in its uncoined state about 52 cents) stamped, free of charge, "One Dollar," which dollar shall be a full legal-tender at its face value in the payment of debts and obligations of all kinds, public and private, in the United States.

(1) Such an act at this time would savor of national dishonesty. At the present value of silver one of our legal-tender dollars will purchase 716 grains of pure silver, nearly double the amount contained in a silver dollar. From the foundation of the government the effort of our fathers has been to establish a coinage ratio approximating as nearly as possible the commercial value of the precious metals. The first coinage act (1792) authorized the mintage of gold and silver coins at the proportion of 1 of gold to 15 of silver, which was believed to be about the commercial value of the metals at that period. Gold being undervalued slightly, gold coins did not enter into circulation, and silver constituted the currency of the country. To remedy this in 1834-37 the ratio was fixed at about 1 to 16 (exactly 1 to 15.98) which was believed to correspond more nearly to the commercial value of the two metals. The effort was always to *approximate the commercial value of the two metals.*

Hamilton, in his justly celebrated report on "The Establishment of a Mint," says: "There can hardly be a better rule in any country for the legal than the market proportion."

Jefferson said: "Just principles will lead us to disregard legal proportions altogether; to inquire into the market price of

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gold in the several countries with which we shall principally be connected in commerce and to take an average from them. The proportion between the values of gold and silver is a mercantile problem altogether."

It remained for these latter days to seriously suggest to the American people the unlimited mintage of coins of full-debt-paying power, worth intrinsically about one half the face value. In point of honesty there is no practical difference between stamping and issuing a coin with full debt-paying qualities as $1, which is really worth only 50 cents, and cutting a dollar in half and requiring everyone to accept the half as a dollar. No country can thrive by dishonesty and of all forms of national dishonesty the clipped or overvalued coin is the most ancient and most objectionable.

(2) The inevitable result of the unrestricted coinage of silver by this country acting in monetary isolation would be to place our currency on a silver basis. This is recognized and admitted now by leading advocates of silver coinage. A distinguished United States Senator, a leader in the silver movement, speaking from his place in the Senate during the late currency debate, said: "We are threatened that if the present currency laws remain unchanged the country will soon be upon a silver basis. Perhaps that is true. I am somewhat inclined to think it is. This prospect, however, has no terrors for the silver advocates. They are contending for both gold and silver, but if forced to choose between the two would greatly prefer silver." Heretofore the advocates of silver coinage have insisted that the moment the mints were open to the free coinage of silver the unlimited demand would *ipso facto* maintain the parity at the coinage ratio. Now we have the frank admission that the free coinage of silver by this country means a silver basis for our currency.

What does a silver basis mean? It means in the *first instance* a violent contraction of the currency by the withdrawal of gold coins and gold certificates from circulation. The stock of metallic and paper money in the United States is about $2,209,000,000, every dollar of which, under our present standard, is as good as a gold dollar and practically interchangeable with gold. The law makes it the imperative duty of the Secretary of the Treasury to "maintain the two metals on a parity with each other" and provides the necessary means to accomplish it, the pledge of the

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public credit. With free silver coinage the obligation both moral and legal upon the government to "maintain the two metals on a parity" would end. The immediate result would be the destruction of the parity, the separation of our currency between gold and silver, and the withdrawal of $676,000,000 of gold from circulation and use as money. This enormous contraction of the money which is the basis of our currency system would unsettle business, impair credits, destroy values, and produce the most tremendous financial disturbance which this country has ever witnessed.

After the first shock, the effects of which no man can fully foresee, when values had adjusted themselves to existing conditions, a silver basis means that the paying power of our money in foreign exchanges would be depreciated to the commercial value of the silver in our dollars, whatever that may be. We have a perfect illustration close at hand in our near neighbor, Mexico, of a country on a settled silver basis, *with unrestricted gold and silver coinage*. The Mexican dollar, although it contains more silver than our dollar, has a purchasing power in foreign exchanges equal only to its commercial value as bullion. The same is true of the currency of every country which is on a silver basis. *There is no country in the world to-day where silver is minted into legal-tender coins where gold circulates as money.* The commercial relations between European countries and our own are more intimate to-day than were the relations between the states of the Union prior to the Civil War. All Europe has practically the gold standard, and all international exchanges, whether with gold-standard or silver-standard countries, are settled on a gold basis. The great bulk of the foreign commerce of the United States is with countries having the gold standard. During the last fiscal year we exported to Europe merchandise of the value of $700,000,000, while we imported from the same countries merchandise of the value of $295,000,000. Between countries which use the same metal as money there is a par of exchange which varies only within well defined limits, regulated by the balance of trade. Between countries which use different metals as a measure of value there is at present no natural par because of the fluctuations in the commercial value of silver. Stability in the rates of exchange is of the very essence of commercial transactions, especially commercial transactions based on credit. With-

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out this there is necessarily an uncertainty which it is impossible to eliminate and which complicates and deters business transactions. In this lies the *permanent evil* of a silver basis for our money—*the uncertainty and fluctuations in the value of our currency as measured by the world's standard—gold.* What the purchasing power of our currency in domestic transactions would be, would depend upon conditions which no one can foresee or accurately forecast.

(3) If the mints of this country were open, under present conditions, to the unlimited coinage of silver into legal dollars, the United States would quickly become the dumping ground of the world's silver. The mints of Europe and India are closed to silver coinage. Aside from the mints of Mexico, Japan and a few South American countries, the stamp of whose mint adds nothing to the value of the coins, there is no actual demand for silver for coinage into full legal-tender money by civilized countries. Is it conceivable that the invitation to the owners of silver throughout the world to exchange 371¼ grains of silver, now worth fifty-two cents, for one of our legal-tender dollars would not be heeded? If our mints should be open to the free coinage of silver, the current product of silver would most certainly and swiftly find its way there. The annual product of silver at the present price, sixty-seven cents an ounce, approximates 162,000,000 ounces, which would coin in silver dollars $209,000,000, a snug little profit to the owners of silver mines of over $100,000,000 on the present annual product only. If a price of sixty-seven cents an ounce brings forth a product of the coinage value of $209,000,000, it is safe to say that with silver at $1.29 an ounce (our coinage rate) the output would be enormously increased. Mexico, South America, and many portions of this continent and Australia abound with deposits of low grade lead ores in which silver is the metal of chief value, which ores cannot be profitably desilverized at the present commercial value of silver, but which would be opened up and their silver contents dumped into the treasury of the United States, with silver at $1.29 an ounce. But what of European stocks of silver? Gold is the standard of all Europe. Whether they are bimetallic in theory or monometallic, gold alone constitutes the measure of values in all continental countries. Many of the European countries have in their banks and treasuries large hoards of overvalued silver coins, coined in

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former years, which they would be glad to exchange for our gold. The Bank of France alone has in its vaults $250,000,000 of over-valued silver coins. If the gold value of our legal-tender money remained undisturbed, the passage of a free coinage act by the United States would afford a splendid opportunity for such an exchange.

If our mints should be open to the free coinage of silver under existing conditions, the stocks of silver would move to this country solely because they could be converted, at the highest market price, into our legal-tender money, which, in turn, could be converted into gold at par; but the moment our currency reached a silver basis, when our legal-tender paper-money could be exchanged only for silver dollars, the profit to the foreign silver owner for the interchange of his silver for our gold would cease and silver would be imported only as an exchange transaction, just as gold is now.

(4) If we should exchange our stock of gold for a stock of silver, cut loose from the standard of all the great commercial countries with whom we do business, and ally ourselves to Asiatic and South American monetary systems, what would we gain? One of two things would most certainly occur; either our gold would be hoarded by banks, trust companies and individuals, or else would go abroad to pay for the silver shipped here for sale. In either case our currency would be depreciated and fluctuating in value to the embarrassment of business and the ultimate injury of the wage earner. The basis of our currency would be changed from gold to silver, but whether the increase in the volume of money—the panacea for all our industrial ills promised by free silver advocates—would be considerable, or the price of silver be permanently increased, is open to serious doubt. Just as long as it was profitable to ship silver to the United States—that is, just as long as it would bring a higher price here than elsewhere—silver would come, but it would not come when the shipment ceased to be profitable. If silver ceased to come here because it was not profitable to ship it and receive payment in dollars whose purchasing power was only equal to the commercial value of the metal contained in them, where would be the gain in the volume of our currency?

(5) It is said that the decline in prices which has occurred

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during the last twenty years, has been occasioned by the disuse of silver as money, and that if this country should resume the use of silver the value of all products would be increased and our producers benefited. The decline in the prices of staples could not have arisen from any scarcity of metallic money, for the reason that there is nearly double the amount of metallic money in use in the world to-day that there was in 1860,—the official estimates of the coin stocks being $3,400,000,000 in 1860, against $8,021,000,000 in 1894 (Report of Director of the Mint, 1894, pages 44,45). Nor could it have arisen from any disuse of silver money, for the reason that *there is more silver money in use in the world now than the entire stock of metallic money in* 1860,—the figures for silver money being $4,055,000,000 in 1894, against a total metallic stock in 1860 of $3,400,000,000.

In our own country, where prices have declined as much as elsewhere, it is a fact shown by Treasury statements that we not only have more money in actual circulation than ever before, not excepting the flush times of the War, but vastly more silver money. The circulation of the United States, exclusive of all Treasury holdings, was on June 1, 1895, $1,606,000,000, of which $550,000,000 was silver money. The *per capita* circulation was $23.02 against $18.04 in 1873, and $20.57 in 1865, the highest period of war inflation. Indeed, there is no country where the amount of actual money has diminished in recent years, but on the contrary, in addition to an increased stock of metallic and paper money the effort of civilization and one of its most beneficial results, developed largely during the last twenty years, has been to minimize the use of actual money by providing substitutes in the shape of checks, drafts, bills of exchange, telegraphic transfers and Clearing-House settlements. In proof of this may be cited the fact, shown by the the report of the Comptroller of the Currency, that over 95 per cent. of the business of the banks of this country is done by substitutes for money.

Moreover, all the silver produced since 1873, except what is used in the industrial arts, has been converted into money either by actual coinage or the issue of legal-tender notes against the bullion held as reserve. This product has been enormous as compared with prior periods, the period of high prices. The product of silver during the last twenty years has aggregated over $2,400,000,000 in coining value while during the preceding twenty years

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it was only $948,000,000. The coinage of silver for the last twenty years has aggregated $2,300,000,000.

So that it is not true that the money of ultimate redemption, either gold or silver, has diminished since 1873, and consequently the argument based upon this mis-statement falls with it.

It is impossible in the space allotted me to enter upon the question of the decline of prices, but it is sufficient to say that there *is not one of the great staple commodities which has fallen largely in price where such decline cannot be readily traced to circumstances affecting the demand and the supply of the article itself.*

Undoubtedly it might be possible, by making a dollar worth fifty cents, to bring about a condition of monetary affairs when it would take two dollars to buy what one will now purchase; but a more certain and expeditious way to depreciate the currency, if that is the aim, would be to start the government paper mills going and issue paper dollars. If prices are to be increased through the depreciation of the purchasing agent—money, it certainly would not be an unmixed blessing. Unless wages increased in the same proportion as other commodities, it is evident that the wage earner would not be benefited. As shown by the report of the Senate Finance Committee wages averaged over thirty per cent. higher in 1891 than in 1860. According to the census of 1890, the earnings of labor increased over forty per cent. as compared with the prior census—a period of ten years. If, therefore, the staple necessities of life have fallen largely in price in recent years, an immense advantage has been reaped by the wage earner. There never has been a period when the money paid the laboring man in this country would buy as much of the necessities of life as to-day. The greatest calamity which could possibly happen to him would be to double the price of the commodities which he must use by depreciating the value of the dollar in which he is paid. All persons living on fixed incomes would suffer severely. The deposits in the Savings Banks of the United States, owned by the laboring men and women, aggregate $1,800,000,000. These deposits have been made in money or bankable funds of the present standard of value and to-day are payable in money interconvertible with gold. Under free silver coinage every dollar of these deposits and the deposits in all the commercial banks of the country, aggregating the enormous sum of $4,000,000,000, could

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be paid and would be paid in legal dollars of about one-half the present purchasing value of the dollar. The value of every insurance policy and every pension would, in the same way, be curtailed one-half.

Undoubtedly it would be of advantage to the debtor classes to be able to pay their debts in a depreciated currency, but this would be manifestly unfair, for the reason that all contracts entered into in this country since 1834 (when our currency was practically and purposely changed to a gold basis), certainly since 1873, when gold was legally made the unit of value, are fairly payable in money of our present standard, and as they constitute the bulk of existing contracts it would be manifestly dishonest that they should be liquidated at half their present value.

Behold the countries with free silver coinage, or the silver standard—Mexico, South America and Asia—and see the rates of wages there compared with wages in countries that have the gold standard; see the "Prosperity and Happiness (?)" there among the laboring classes compared with the wage earners of Europe and the United States, and surely no more practical and complete refutation of the theory that a silver currency would benefit our laborers and producers could possibly be adduced.

The memorable words of the lamented Secretary Windom uttered with dying lips before the New York Board of Trade and Transportation are pregnant with truth:

"The *quality* of circulation is even more important than the *quantity*. Numerous devices for enlarging credit may, and often do, avert the evils of a deficient circulation, and a redundancy may sometimes modify its own evils before their results become universal, but for the baleful effects of a debased and fluctuating currency there is no remedy, except by the costly and difficult return to sound money. As poison in the blood permeates arteries, veins, nerves, brains and heart, and speedily brings paralysis or death, so does a debased and fluctuating currency permeate all the arteries of trade, paralyze all kinds of business and bring disaster to all classes of people."

The nation that undertakes to conduct its business with money of uncertain value is at a great disadvantage. In order to merit the confidence of the world and maintain our credit and reputation as a country of the first class we must maintain our money system above all question, with all our currency redeemable on demand in the money which civilized countries have decided to do business with,—gold.

Only within a few months have we seen the threatening con-

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dition of affairs brought about by the doubt of the ability of the government to meet its obligations in gold on demand. The removal of that doubt through the successful financiering of the Treasury by the existing Bond Syndicate has given such relief to currency conditions as to impart confidence to business which portends better times. Free silver coinage would replace the doubt of our ability to maintain gold payments by the certainty *that we did not intend to.* It would be a national disgrace as well as a national misfortune, which the people of this country will never submit to, to debase the money of this proud and prosperous republic to the standard of Mexico, South America and Asiatic countries.

EDWARD OWEN LEECH.

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WILD TRAITS IN TAME ANIMALS.

III.—THE SHEEP AND THE GOAT.

BY DR. LOUIS ROBINSON.

THE sheep has undergone more modifications at the hands of man than any other animal. All the rest of our domestic animals have proved their capacity to reassume the habits of their wild ancestors, but no once tamed sheep has taken to a life of independence. This is at first surprising, because many kinds, such as the Scotch mountain sheep and those upon the high lands of Chili and Patagonia, manage to live and thrive with very little aid from their masters. Yet it is found that even the hardy Pampas sheep cannot hold its own when that aid is wanting. If man were to become extinct in South America the sheep would not survive him half a dozen years. There are three chief reasons for this, and all of them are of peculiar interest.

In the first place, the sheep is, as a rule, a timid and defenceless animal, and at the same time is neither swift nor cunning. It falls an easy prey to the meanest of the wolf tribe. A single coyote or a fox terrier dog could destroy a flock of a thousand in a few days. Then it is found that the young lambs and their mothers require especial care and nursing. If they do not get it at the critical time the flock owner will lose them by the hundred. It is a common thing in the South Downs for the shepherd not to leave his flock day or night during the whole lambing season. Lastly, scarcely any modern sheep shed their wool naturally, in the same way that the horse sheds his thick winter coat.

There was exhibited at the first great International Exposition, in 1851, a seven-year-old South Down ewe, which had never

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been shorn. Its enormous burden of wool hung to the ground, and it would have been about as capable of getting about as a man covered with a dozen thick frieze overcoats. It is quite plain that such a creature could not get its living in the open fields unless it were regularly shorn.

Now, if we seek for an answer to the question "Where did the sheep get its wool from?" we shall find an explanation also of the other two peculiarities which now prevent it from holding its own in the wild state. And we shall, in addition, be able to point out the chief reason why the animal was, in the first place, domesticated by man.

The wool was of course developed primarily to protect the sheep from cold. But from what cold? The cold of winter? That can scarcely be, since the wool persists and continues growing all the year round. The cold of Arctic climates? That also must be excluded, since no sheep, either tame or wild, thrives in the extreme North. On the contrary, in Australia and many other warm countries, the flocks flourish abundantly. Certain naturalists say that the so-called musk ox is really a sheep, but it is plain that that curious beast is a very distant relative of the familiar varieties. Neither this, nor any other Arctic animal, would long survive a removal to a sub-tropical region.

If we study the various kinds of wild sheep all the world over, we at once find an answer to the question. Without exception they are dwellers upon high mountains. Some live almost among perpetual snow. The Bighorn inhabits the Rockies, the Moufflon, the mountains of Corsica, the gigantic Ovis Poli, the Argali and the Burrhel make their home upon the high ranges of Siberia and Thibet. On the grassy slopes and terraces they find sustenance, and among the giddy precipices above they take refuge when danger threatens them. They took to the hills in the first place, like the wild asses, because the fierce carnivora of the lowlands were too many for them. Their cousins, the antelopes and deer, were swift enough to hold their own on the plains, but the only chance of survival which was open to the more sluggish *Ovidæ* was to take to the mountains. Many a human refugee, hunted by a human beast of prey, has had to do the same. Having once chosen their habitat, it was necessary that their instincts and structure should become adapted for the life of a mountaineer; and throughout long ages, by the survival of those individuals

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best fitted to this kind of existence, and by the elimination or sifting out of the unfit, they have developed into what they now are.

As a protection against the cold of high altitudes they grew a thick woolly covering beneath their long coarse hair. The need of mounting steep slopes with rapidity, and of propelling their heavy bodies by leaps among the rocks, caused the muscles of the hinder quarters to become stout and fleshy. To the former fact we owe our woolen clothing, and to the latter, the succulent "legs of mutton" which so often appear on our tables.

Both the fleece and the meat have, of course, been greatly altered by human agency. Those sheep have constantly been chosen by breeders which fattened readily and which had the finest and most abundant wool. The coarse outer covering of hair disappeared; although, as might be expected, it occasionally shows itself. In the West India Islands, even imported South Down sheep become completely changed in appearance, for the wool is hidden by long brown hair. Each different breed of sheep, as the Cotswold, the Leicester, and the Merino, has wool of a different character. This is chiefly owing to artificial selection. The sheep breeders of Saxony, by picking out those animals which had the softest fleeces, soon produced a greatly improved supply of wool. They used the microscope to ascertain which animals had wool of the finest fibre, and rejected all which did not come up to a certain standard.

It is the fleece, then, which first brought the sheep into captivity, and it is the fleece that is chiefly instrumental in keeping him as a servant and dependent. It now grows so abundantly that he needs to be freed by the shears once a year, or the burden of it would overcome him. Imagine wearing two suits of winter clothing in July!

The other weak points of the sheep come from the facts that he has been by nature adapted for one special kind of life, and that we have now removed him from it. The conditions to which every atom of him had become exactly adjusted are changed, and it is hardly likely that he will be at home at all points under the new circumstances. For this reason the tame sheep, like the ass, appears a stupid animal. At critical times, such as when the young lambs are born, the unaccustomed surroundings may be fatal. It is this specialization, as the naturalists call it, which accounts for the extinction of many animals which used to be

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abundant. They become exactly fitted to one particular way of life, and unfitted for any other. If circumstances compel them to migrate, they die.

Generally the race comes to an end through the parents not being able to rear their tender young, which naturally feel the stress of unfavorable new environment more than the adults. This is what would happen to the domestic sheep, if the shepherds were not to take such assiduous care of them in the lambing season.

Now let us see what other relics of wild life can be found in the sheep. It is always, as I have said in a previous paper, worth while to examine immature animals, if we wish to find out the habits of their early ancestors. Young lambs have enormously developed legs and can run about smartly when only a few hours old. This at once suggests that they had to keep up with their parents when the flock moved from place to place, and were not hidden in secluded spots by their dams. They have a curious habit of following anything large and light colored which moves quickly away from them. A new born lamb will rush after a newspaper blown along by the wind, or, as Mr. Hudson says in his delightful book, *The Naturalist in La Plata*, they will persistently gallop after a horseman on the Pampas. It is the old and most necessary instinct of following the flock when it was fleeing from an enemy, but the instinct is at fault in civilized regions.

Doubtless on the tops of the Corsican or Thibetan mountains, both newspapers and horsemen are too rare to be taken account of in the formation of habits of self preservation. However white the fleeces of their elders may be, young lambs are usually of a dirty gray color, so as to harmonize with the rocks of their ancestral home. When at play, they always seek the steepest parts of the field, and if there is a rock or a log lying about, they will skip on to it and butt at one another, as if playing "King of the Castle." If mountain or moorland sheep on a hillside are attacked by a dog, they will always, from choice, run diagonally up hill. Should a flock of Southdowns take alarm and break out from the fold at night, the shepherd knows that the place to find them is the highest ground in the neighborhood. If a dog enters a field where there are ewes and lambs, he is watched in the most suspicious manner, and at once attacked if he comes too near. Many a valiant puppy, who thought that sheep were poor spiritless

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things, has received treatment which astonished him when he strolled into the sheep pasture in the lambing season.

Now, dogs are rarely dangerous to domestic sheep. The determined hostility shown to them at such times is a relic of the old, wild instinct, when the horned flock on the mountain side defended their young against jackals, dholes and wolves. An angry ewe will stamp her foot when a dog comes within sight. This is probably a relic of an ancient method of signalling the approach of a foe. But it is also a threat; for many animals akin to the sheep use their sharp hoofs with terrible effect. Deer will destroy snakes by jumping on them and ripping them to ribands with outward strokes of their hoofs. Nearly all antelopes use this method of attack, and hunters have been killed by the hoofs of Nylghau, the great Himalaya antelope.

A wild sheep in his native country is no trifling antagonist. The horns of the Ovis Poli and Argali are enormous, and must be seen to be appreciated. Sir Joseph Hooker, the great botanist, says that in Thibet foxes have been known to make kennels in the hollow horns of the Argali! This sounds rather a "tall" statement, and I confess I should much like to find one of these hermit-crab-like foxes at home!

Some Indian tame sheep are desperate fellows to fight, and are exhibited by native potentates matched against bulls and other animals. Phil Robinson tells a story of a ram that was sent to the Calcutta Zoological Gardens, and, since he was of no value as a curiosity, the keepers thought that he would make a nice tid-bit for a tiger. The sheep, however, being of a pugnacious disposition, "went for" the tiger as soon as he was put into the cage. The traveller goes on to tell, that after a sharp tussle the sheep killed the tiger! Whether he ate him afterwards is not related, but one would not be surprised at anything in such a sheep as that!

The immense number of varieties of sheep, and the widely different characters they present, prove that they have been domesticated for a very long time. If the dog was the first animal tamed by man, the sheep was certainly the second.

Naturalists are not agreed as to which of the wild species our modern sheep are descended from. I think it is probable that they owe their origin to several kinds, including the Moufflon, the Burrhel and the Argali. These, oddly enough, have short tails,

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like nearly all mountain animals—the chief purpose of the tail among the herbivorous animals is to drive away flies, and on the windy heights these are not troublesome. Yet domestic sheep are born with long tails, and in spite of the practice of farmers and shepherds of cutting the tails short, they still persevere in growing them. Here are two problems for the rising generation of naturalists, who, of course, are incalculably smarter and more intelligent than the old fogies who have written on such subjects hitherto! Why does the modern sheep grow a tail? And why does a lamb wriggle his tail at meal times?

I have but little space left to discuss the goat. He is much less removed from his primitive free forefathers than the sheep. Tame goats have run wild all the world over where there are mountains. The goat is distinctly a climber among rocks. If the ancestor of the sheep grazed on the growing slopes, the wild goats lived high among the broken craggy sides of the mountain and browsed the sparse leaves of the shrubs in the clefts and crannies. As might be expected the young kids show greater agility than their more sedate elders. The goat is altogether a more slim and cleanly built animal than the sheep, even in the wild state. He is also more independent, showing that it was his habit to separate from his fellows when feeding, whereas the members of a flock of sheep keep together if possible and always follow their leaders when alarmed.

Both animals set regular sentries on high spots to watch for the approach of enemies and these give signals to the others. Hence neither the sheep nor the goat needs the long ears of the donkey tribes.

Probably those of my readers who have better opportunities for observing the habits of tame goats than I have, will be able to note many interesting points in their behavior which tell tales of the way of life of their predecessors who roamed the hills before our own primitive ancestors had developed sense enough to catch them and use them for their own purposes.

LOUIS ROBINSON.

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THE DISPOSAL OF A CITY'S WASTE.

BY GEORGE E. WARING, JR., COMMISSIONER OF STREET-CLEANING OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

EVER since the beginning of Liebig's agricultural writings, more than half a century ago, the quasi scientific world has been seeking means to turn the wastes of urban life into wealth; and has been ascribing the downfall of empires to the pouring of those wastes into the sea. The less inexact science of these later days shows us how wastes sent into the sea come back to us in the form of fish and other sea products, to such an extent as to go at least very far toward the maintenance of general fertility in the land. We have not yet reached any very satisfactory knowledge as to the conversion of waste into wealth. While the theoretical value of discarded matters is recognized, the cost of recovery is still an obstacle to its profitable development.

In England, great sums have been lost during the past thirty years in the effort to get back the value of the fertilizing elements of sewage. It is now conceded by practical men that the very small amount of manure and the very large amount of water cannot be separated at a profit. Sewage farming is often the best agent of sewage purification, and it may lessen the cost of sewage disposal; but it cannot under any ordinary conditions be made to pay a profit. This long-hoped for source of wealth must be relegated to the position of a very useful aid to economy.

There are, however, other wastes of life which are not diluted with great volumes of water, and which seem to give a fair enough promise of profitable use to make it worth while to consider them and their possible value with a good deal of care, and to make them the subject of conclusive experiment.

The experience of the City of New York in the matter of "scow-trimming" is suggestive. The scow-trimmers of New York

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are employed to distribute evenly over the vessels by which it is taken to sea to be dumped, the mass of garbage, ashes and street sweepings that is discharged upon them by the cartload amid a cloud of dust and often in quick succession. Under these difficult conditions, the Italian workmen fish out such as they can of the flying rags, bones, bottles, and other things of value that the material may contain. Each of the fifteen dumps is worked by its own gang for its own *padrone*, and these pay to the general contractor enough more than he has to pay to the city to leave him a satisfactory profit.

Up to about 1878 the city paid $10.50 per week for each man working on the scows.* From this time until 1882 no charge was made for labor, the matters recovered being taken as an equivalent. Beginning with 1882, the privilege of scow-trimming brought to the city a money compensation of from $75 to $90 per week. The payment increased gradually, until in 1887 it reached $320 per week; in 1888, $685; in 1889, $1,000; in 1890, $1,068; in 1891, $1,770; in 1892–93, $1,795. At the end of 1894 it had fallen to $1,675. There were occasional deductions on account of the temporary closing of dumps, but for some years the city has received annually over $50,000 worth of labor and about $90,000 in cash as the value of the privilege of gleaning from its dust chutes.

The following is the list of the articles collected, with the tariff of prices. It is furnished by the present contractor, Signor Carlo De Marco, Padrone:

Mixed rags	$ .50 per 100 lbs.
No. 2 "	.40 " " "
Dirty white rags	1.00 " " "
Soft woods	2.00 " " "
Rubber	3.50 " " "
Bottles	1.25 " bbl.
Soda water bottles	.50 " "
Lager beer "	.65 " 100
Seltzer water "	3.50 " "
Iron	4.50 " ton
Zinc	1.75 " 100 lbs.
Copper	5.00 " " "
Brass	3.50 " " "
Pewter	10.00 " " "
Paper	.25 to .40 per 100 lbs.
Tomato cans (for the solder)	2.00 a load.†
Old shoes	.05 to .15 per pair.
Hats	.01½ each.
Broken glass	.10 per bag.
Carpets	.25 " 100 lbs.
Rope	.50 " " "
Brushes	.05 to .15 each.
Fat	1.10 per 100 lbs.
Bones	.50 " " "
Hemp twine	1.00 " " "
Cloth	1.00 " " "

* There is no record of the number.
† This was formerly $6 per load.

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Dickens's "Golden Dustman" and the accounts of the rag-pickers of Paris have made us familar with the fact that there is an available value in the ordinary *rejectamenta* of human life. We learn by the work of the dock Italian of New York that to regain this value is a matter of minute detail; it calls for the recovery of unconsidered trifles from a mass of valueless wastes, and the conversion of these into a salable commodity.

Reasoning from this starting point we may fairly assume that if there were a complete system for the collection of these objects at their source—at the houses in which they are discarded—much more would be recovered. As the subject is studied, it seems clear that the public authorities might with advantage take control of the whole business of the collection of rubbish. This would probably be necessary to the securing of a great pecuniary return. Such control would involve the suppression, or the public employment, of the push-cart man, who jangles his string of bells through the streets and carries on a more or less illicit traffic with domestic servants. These peddler-buyers are no more tolerable than were the long-ago discarded rag-pickers. Those who have cast-off things to sell should be made to take them to licensed located dealers, whose transactions can be held under proper supervision. The municipality should—in the interest of the public safety, as well as of the public finances—take up and carry on for itself, or through contractors whom it could control completely, the whole business of removing from houses whatever householders may wish to get rid of and will not take the trouble to carry for sale to a dealer.

It is not possible to make anything like a precise calculation as to the value of these many and manifold wastes, but it would seem safe to assume that with a universal and well-regulated collection and sale there might be recovered, in cash, one cent *per diem* for each member of the population, beyond the cost of collection and sale. This would amount annually to over $7,000,000, enough to pay all the cost of street cleaning and street sprinkling, and, in addition thereto, to repave the whole city within a very few years, so far as this is needed, and to keep the pavements in repair perpetually. In due time it would pay for a complete supply of public urinals and latrines, and for other items of municipal housekeeping. There is, of course, no reason for fixing the amount that might be saved at one cent per person, any more than

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at two cents or at half a cent; but the ground for supposing that a very material amount can be secured is surely sufficient to make it worth while to experiment extensively to determine just what it will pay or will not pay to do.

The result of the investigation would be of value not only to the City of New York but to all other places,—large and small. Even if little or no profit should result from the collection and separation of salable rubbish, still a systematic and complete treatment of the offscourings of towns,—*and their prompt removal from houses*,—could not fail to be of much sanitary benefit. A study of the constructive geology of the outskirts of an American town will hardly furnish reason to commend the way in which "filling in" is making building lots for the growing population. Future ages may find in the long abandoned sites of American homes as curious if not as interesting subjects for archæological study as the homes of the cliff dwellers furnish for us.

The proper treatment, not only of rubbish but of garbage and ashes, will be an important element of a better civilization than ours. The "out-of-sight, out-of-mind" principle is an easy one to follow, but it is not an economical one, nor a decent one, nor a safe one. For other and more important reasons than the hope of getting money out of our wastes, should we pursue the study of the treatment of these wastes, and try to devise a less shiftless and uncivilized method than that which we now use.

In the matter of collection alone there is much need for radical improvement. The most bulky matters collected in New York are ashes and street sweepings. The latter are swept into little piles on the pavement, there to lie until the cart comes along, when they are shovelled into it. More or less powdered horse dung is blown into houses and into the faces of the people, according to circumstances; on a breezy day it is considerably more. While the heaps lie awaiting the shovel they are kicked about by horses, dragged about by wheels, and blown about by the wind—also more or less according to circumstances. Ashes are kept in a barrel or in a can, which is also the depositing place of paper and other forbidden rubbish. In due time—more often in undue time—it is set out to decorate the house front in a way which it would be much less than adequate to call inelegant. What happens when this receptacle is tipped over the edge of the ash cart and rolled to and fro until it is emptied, no one need be

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told who has paraded a city street in fine clothing while the operation is going on, with a good wind blowing.

The ash barrel and the "little pile" have thus far baffled all effort. We are hopeful just now that we shall succeed in having the ashes deposited in bags inside of the houses, the bags to be tied and thrown into the cart, not to be opened until they reach the dump. It is also hoped that street dirt, as it is swept up, will be at once shovelled into a bag supported open on a light pair of wheels. When the bag is filled it will be securely tied and set aside; and the cartman will collect the closed bags.

We are just now struggling with the separation of ashes and garbage. The Board of Health has ordered this in a large central district, and the area will be extended as success is achieved. The collection will be made separately and the disposition of the two will be quite different. An effort is also being made to have paper, and other forms of light rubbish, kept by itself and disposed of by the householder or by a public contractor.

Up to the present time the final disposition of all of the dry wastes of the city is by discharge from vessels into the sea. There are dumping boards along the water front where scows receive the contents of the carts. These scows are towed out beyond the Sandy Hook lightship and there unloaded. Aside from the wastefulness of this process, it gives occasion for serious complaint from those who are affected by the fouling of the adjacent shores of Long Island and New Jersey. Probably not much offensive garbarge escapes the fish and the action of the waves, but enough of this accompanies the straw, paper, boxes, cans, etc., with which the shore is often heavily lined, to have very much the same sentimental effect that a solid mass of garbage would have. In any event, the result is very disfiguring and very annoying to frequenters of the beaches and to owners of shore property.

This constitutes a very serious menace to New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City. The fouling of the beaches may at any time be made the pretext for protest, legislation, and injunction, such as we have already had with reference to Riker's Island and to local dumps in the Annexed District. This may have the effect of absolutely closing to these cities the only outlet they now have for their wastes. It is, therefore, incumbent on them to hasten as much as possible the development of some other

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means for the disposal of their offal than the present barbarous one of dumping them into the ocean.

The writer has necessarily given much consideration to this general subject, and he is, so far as his official limitations permit, working in the direction of a complete separation of the material into four different classes:

1. Paper and other light rubbish; 2. Street sweepings; 3. Garbage; 4. Ashes.

If the complete separation of these four classes can be effected, then the whole problem is practically solved. It is only because each one bedevils all the others that final disposal is such a serious problem. It is confidently believed that the separation can be effected, and within a short time. Were this accomplished, the four elements of the work might be developed as follows:

1. Paper, rags and rubbish of every kind, should be collected only by the city's own carts, or by the city's own contractors. It should not be permitted to sell any of the wastes of domestic life at the door. Licenses should be granted for dealing in these matters only to men who had fixed places of business, and who carried on their traffic only at those places. Everything of too low a grade to be carried to these establishments for sale would be collected—not from the streets but from within the houses—by the city's own agency, and all would be carried to local centres where they would be assorted, where all matters having a value would be classified and separated for sale; and whence everything having no value would be carted to suitable crematories for final consumption. It is here, it is believed, that a large return could be secured to the treasury. The chief opposition to such treatment of the question would come from those who court the votes of the push-cart men, and whose argument it would be that an honest industry was being destroyed. This charge may be met in two ways: First, that too often the industry of these men is otherwise than honest; and, second, that their work will still have to be done, and may quite as well be done by them as by others, with the simple condition that it is to be done under proper regulation. If everything of value that now goes to the dumps, to the paper dealer and to the junk dealer, could be made to pay tribute to the city, something like the result above hinted at may be expected.

2. Paper and all manner of dry rubbish being rigidly kept

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indoors until taken by the collector, the sweepings of the streets —especially after the improved repaving—will consist of little else than horse droppings; and while these have not much commercial value in New York, they can at least be got rid of inoffensively and without much cost. It seems one of the absurdities of the situation that while stable manure is, probably, everywhere else in the world much sought after and salable at a considerable price, in New York it not only has no value, but can be got rid of only at considerable cost. The Department of Street Cleaning has over eight hundred well-fed horses. It is not able to get rid of the manure produced at its stables without cost and is now actually dumping it into the sea. This manure, of first-rate quality, was offered to the Department of Parks free of charge. The superintendent said that he would be very glad to receive it, if it was *delivered* free, but it was not worth transportation, because so many private stables were glad to haul manure to the different parks "free gratis."

3. Garbage.—It has been the custom hitherto to mix garbage with ashes and rubbish. The separation of garbage from everything else is now being enforced. As soon as the separation is fairly accomplished, contracts will be made for the "reduction," utilization or cremation of the garbage.

There are a number of patented processes by which grease is extracted from garbage, and by which, with or without the addition of other substances, a salable fertilizer is made of the residue. These processes are thus far all in the experimental stage. There is not one of them of which it is absolutely known that it would be safe or wise for the city to adopt it as the subject of a long contract. Investigations into the actual working and actual business conditions of the more important of these processes are now being carried on by the Department, and it is believed that before autumn enough will be known to indicate clearly what course to pursue. All that is definitely known now is, that there are several processes of cremation by which everything of this class can be absolutely and inoffensively destroyed at a cost that is not prohibitory. It is believed that there is more than one process of "reduction," or utilization, that can be profitably carried on with little, if any, help from the city in the form of compensation. Indeed, one responsible concern is ready to make a contract to take the entire output of garbage as dumped from

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the carts, and to pay a substantial price for it. The proper treatment of this subject will require, as in the case of paper and rubbish, the absolute control of the business by the city. Not only must we take charge of spoiled vegetables and the poorest and most watery garbage of cheap boarding-houses, but we should also have the richer product of hotels and restaurants. The city should, in short, assert its right to an absolute monopoly of the garbage business, for all garbage is a nuisance unless brought under proper control. Such control cannot be exercised by the city unless it takes possession of the entire field.

4. Ashes.—If we can withhold from the ashes produced in private houses all extraneous matters, as above described, bringing house ashes to the condition of what we now know as "steam ashes," there will no longer be occasion for dumping at sea. The city has lands under water near by, like the very large inclosed tract at Riker's Island and elsewhere along its water courses, where its ashes may be deposited with the very useful effect of creating valuable building land. Private owners of shore flats are applying constantly for such ashes, and to a certain extent are receiving them without cost to the city. Furthermore, these ashes have a decided value for other uses. It has been intimated to the Department that if they can be kept clean, a company with sufficient capital will take them all at more than the cost of collection, for the manufacture of cheap fire-proofing blocks, etc. The Department has been experimenting with ashes containing some garbage, just as it is hauled to the dump. This has been made into a concrete, with fifteen parts of ashes to one part of Portland cement, producing a result that would be admirably suited for the foundation of stone-block, asphalt, or other pavement.

The general conclusion from the above must be that while the question of the disposal of a city's wastes is full of difficulty, it is also full of promise.

GEO. E. WARING, JR.

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PERSONAL HISTORY OF THE SECOND EMPIRE.

VII.—THE CONSPIRACY OF THE CARBONARIA.

BY ALBERT D. VANDAM, AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS," "MY PARIS NOTE-BOOK," ETC., ETC.

If Napoleon III. had been the most arrant coward on earth—and he was the very opposite of a coward—Orsini's attempt on his life would have been calculated to convert him into a man of courage. No intended victim of such an attempt as that of January 14th, 1858, could come to any other conclusion but that he bore a charmed life. If religiously disposed he would simply attribute his escape to a direct intervention of Providence; if a fatalist, as the Emperor was supposed to be, his fatalism would be intensified a hundredfold, and henceforth he would advance on the road mapped out for him by Fate, not only mentally blindfolded, but disdaining to take the ordinary precautions of the sightless. That this was absolutely the case with Napoleon III., I shall have no difficulty in proving as I proceed.

The attempt of January 14th, 1858, was the fourth directed against Louis Napoleon's life during the ten years that had passed since his memorable interview with Lamartine. Whatever illusions he may have entertained with regard to the *rôle* of the police as a protector in the three previous ones, he could not have possibly remained in such a "fool's paradise" where the fourth was concerned. It is more than doubtful, though, whether Louis Napoleon deceived himself at any time or was deceived as to the collective power of the police to frustrate the designs of the would-be assassin, or as a means of detecting the doings of secret societies. Everything leads me to believe that he became more sceptical upon all those points as time went on. He knew

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that he could count upon a few Corsicans such as Alessandri and Griscelli to defend his life at the risk of their own; he knew that they were intelligent to a degree, absolutely loyal to him, and as absolutely unscrupulous face to face with the rest of the world; but he also knew that of the so-called organization at the Prefecture of Police they were things apart; that, if anything, they despised that institution; which, in its turn, hampered them on every occasion, either from sheer professional jealousy, or in order to court favor with its chief of the moment, or to plot for the return to office of the former one; each of whom of those chiefs fancied himself a Fouché, a Réal, a Desmarets and a Dubois rolled into one; though in reality the whole of the five prefects who held office during the second Napoleonic period —namely Maupas, Blot, the two Piétri's (Pierre-Marie and Joachim), and Boitelle—had not together as much brains as the famous Duc d'Otrante by himself or as any of his principal coadjutors.

This does not mean that the five men I have just named were devoid of intellect or that their lieutenants such as Hyrvoix, Lagrange, and the lieutenants of the latter, Canler, Claude, Jacob and others were incapables. Far from it. They all had a great deal of talent, nay Canler and Claude were geniuses in their own way, but neither they nor their official superiors had sufficient genius or talent for the dual task circumstances and the prevailing spirit of intrigue imposed upon them. The five prefects were not only called upon to look to the safety of the dynasty and its actual chief, but had to guard against their being dislodged from their own position by the plotting of their predecessors, or the machinations of their would-be successors.

Boitelle, Persigny's friend and erstwhile fellow-soldier, replaced Piétri (the elder), who had shown a most lamentable want of foresight which caused great loss of life, much suffering and would have caused the death of the Emperor and the Empress but for a miracle. I am not exaggerating; the carriage that conveyed the Imperial couple and General Roguet, the Emperor's aide-de-camp, was literally riddled with projectiles; no less than seventy-six of these were subsequently found imbedded in the panels and other parts; one of the horses wounded in twenty-five places was killed on the spot, the other had to be slaughtered; the three footmen and the coachman were all severely hurt; Gen-

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eral Roguet's deep, though not fatal, flesh wound just below the right ear bled so profusely that the Empress's dress was absolutely saturated with blood as she entered the opera. Finally, a bullet had gone right through the Emperor's hat. I am only referring to the Emperor and his immediate *entourage* on that night; the total number of wounded was 156, at least a dozen of whom died of their injuries.

Yet the whole of this butchery might and could have been prevented, for there is not the least doubt that the French authorities were warned in time both of Orsini's departure from London, of his contemplated journey to Paris and of his fell purpose. Billault, the Minister of the Interior, Piétri, the Prefect of the Police, Lagrange, the Chief of the Municipal Police, and Hébert, the superintendent specially entrusted with the service *des hôtels garnis*—in other words, with the surveillance of the visitors to Paris and of those residents without a fixed abode—were aware of the presence of Pieri and Gomez in the capital, if not of Orsini's. Nevertheless, both remained perfectly free until the mischief had been done. We lay no stress on the passage of Morny's speech at the opening of the Chamber stating that the provincial branches of the secret societies were looking forward to some upheaval in mid-January, which upheaval would be followed by important movement. Those periodical announcements were part of the policy of the Second Empire during the first ten years of its existence. They were intended to strike terror into the hearts of the peace-loving population, and to make them rally still closer round a dynasty which was supposed to hold the revolutionaries and republicans—the terms were almost synonymous in those days—in check by exposing and forestalling every one of their plans. In spite of everything that has been written and said on the subject, it is a moot point whether there was one secret society in France of sufficient weight or dimensions to constitute a serious danger to the dynasty, and whether the Emperor or any of his most confidential advisers believed in the existence of such. But at the particular period of which I treat an openly avowed belief was still part of the system. Four years later (1862) the system is absolutely reversed. The secret societies are supposed to have vanished from off the face of the land—their disappearance being due of course to the strong and energetic government which leaves no cause for dissatisfaction any-

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where. The alarmists who would still believe in secret societies must be dissuaded from their belief by the most delightful, but at the same time most effectual means France has at her disposal to that effect, namely the stage, and the Emperor himself takes the initiative in that direction. He commissions M. Camille Doucet (the late life-secretary of the *Académie* who died recently), the then official superintendent of theatres, to find the Aristophanes who shall make people laugh and, in making them laugh, disarm their fears. M. Doucet applied successively to Théodore Barrière, Louis Bouilhet and Amédée Rolland,* all of whom attempted the task but without success, and who each received 6,000 frs. for their trouble. What they failed to accomplish though, was achieved in another way by Alexandre Pothey, a friend of theirs, in his satire of *La Muette;* the name of the secret society which baffles all the researches of the police. There is no evidence that Pothey ever saw Napoleon III. in private, yet his satire bears a remarkable likeness to the story told by the Emperor to my grand-uncle.†

Sceptical though the Emperor may have been with regard to the existence of secret societies in France, he could not pretend to ignore the existence of at least one outside France. Many years before his advent to the imperial throne he had become affiliated to the *Carbonaria,* and it was the *Carbonaria* which through Mazzini and Orsini claimed the fulfilment of the project to which he had subscribed at the time of his admission. That project of which Lord Castlereagh had already a copy in 1813, and which before that had been submitted to George III. aimed at the establishment of an Italian Empire, limited by the Alps on the one side and the sea on the other three, with Rome as its capital and an Emperor chosen from either the reigning families of Sardinia, Naples or England.‡

In 1858 the most powerful living subscriber to that document was unquestionably Napoleon III., Emperor of the French. But, powerful though he was, he dared not dis-

* Théodore Barrière, the famous author of *Les Faux Bonshommes, Les Filles de Marbre,* and co-author with Henri Murger of the dramatic version of *La Vie de Bohème.* Louis Bouilhet, the friend of Gustave Flaubert. Amédée Rolland, the founder of the satirical journal, *Le Diogène,* and a well-known playwright, though not known in England or America.

† *La Muette* made Pothey famous. He was originally a wood engraver. His best-known book, however, is *Le Capitaine Regnier,* a precursor of *Le Colonel Ramollot.*

‡ Both the act of affiliation and a copy of the project were seen by Monsignor Louis Gaston de Sigur, Arch-Canon of Saint Denis during the Second Empire.

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patch 300,000 men across the Alps in discharge of a purely personal obligation, which was moreover contracted in his pre-imperial days. We need not inquire whether Louis Napoleon's compact with the *Carbonaria*, dating as it did from so many years previously, was generally known in France. I was a lad of fifteen then and, as I have had occasion to remark, constantly thrown into the society of my elders, nearly all of whom were more or less behind the scenes. I remember having heard vague allusions to the danger the Emperor ran "from the knife of the hired assassin"; I heard the names of Mazzini, Karl Marx, and Bakounine, in connection with conspiracies, but until four or five months before the attempt of January 14th none of those conversations tried to establish the existence of a vast organization to deprive the Emperor of his life. The three principal attempts up to that time, including that of Kehlse, were supposed to have been instigated by small groups, not necessarily Italians. My uncles' friends argued that the nine serious attempts on Louis Philippe's life and the one on the Duc d'Aumale were apparently not dictated by questions affecting the King's foreign policy; that with the exception of Fieschi all those would-be regicides were Frenchmen; but they observed also that the fact of Kehlse, Sinabaldi, Silvani and the rest being foreigners did not absolutely imply either a far-reaching conspiracy or a conspiracy from without. The plotters were as likely to be Republicans or Legitimists as Italian revolutionaries. Soon after the *Coup d' État* there had been an attempt to kill Louis Napoleon by means of an imitation of Fieschi's infernal machine; the attempt was nipped in the bud, but the presumption was strong against the partisans of the Comte de Chambord. In short, until within four or five months before the butchery in the Rue le Peletier, neither my uncles nor their friends, not even Joseph Ferrari, who was an Italian by birth and intimately acquainted with the doings of Mazzini,* seemed to be certain that the *Carbonari* were collectively at work in that respect.

But there was a sudden change of opinion. One day my younger grand-uncle came home looking very serious, and during dinner told his brother that there had been an attempt to decoy the Emperor. He did not say more that night, and I discovered afterwards that at that moment he knew no more.

* See *An Englishman in Paris*, vol. II., and *My Paris Note-Book*, chap. 3.

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The next day more rumors found their way to our home, for no one could or would vouch for the truth of what he had heard and repeated. The word "decoyed," as used by my uncle, was, however, a misnomer. The Emperor had simply walked into a trap set for him by a woman with his eyes open, for he had been warned that it was a trap. He had been drugged and would have been abducted but for the intervention of another woman. All those stories, though varying in detail, agreed as to the main fact; there had been a carefully concocted plot to get hold of the Emperor and to convey him to the frontier, whether to imprison him as a hostage or to do away with him eventually was not stated. Not a single word of this, though, found its way into the French press, but the Belgian papers published different versions of the affair in the guise of fairy tales. In spite of the vigilance of the police and the customs, some copies were smuggled into France. The veil which fiction had woven around the original personages was too transparent for the public not to recognize them at once; nevertheless, people might have looked upon the whole as an ingenious fabrication but for the indiscretion of the Marquis de Boissy, a member of the senate and the jester in ordinary to that august assembly, just as the late Comte de Douville-Maillefeu was the jester in ordinary to the Chamber of Deputies under the Third Republic.* M. de Boissy was always putting questions to the Ministry, and when the rumors just alluded to became rife he insisted upon their being denied or confirmed by the Emperor's ministers. No such denial or confirmation being forthcoming, M. de Boissy exclaimed: "The Emperor, Messieurs les Senateurs, is not sufficiently careful in his intercourse with the fair sex. Out of sheer consideration for us, for himself, and for the country, His Majesty ought not to place himself at every moment in the power of this or that adventuress." M. de Boissy was not called "to order" by the chair, and although in those days no reports of the Legislature were allowed to be published, the story of the unanswered interpellation and of M. de Boissy's remark got wind. People not only concluded that the fairy tales of the Belgian papers contained a solid foundation of truth, but that the repeated attacks on the Chief of the State were something more serious than the individual acts of a Ravaillac or

* The Marquis de Boissy married the Countess Guiccioli, who played so important a part in the latter years of Byron's life.

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a Louvel. Shortly after that came the affair of the Rue le Peletier.

I am not speaking without authority when I say that the Emperor, in spite of his profound concern for the innocent victims of that outrage would have felt pleased to see the perpetrators of it escape. He knew that neither their arrest nor execution would influence by a hair's breadth the course the *Carbonaria* had mapped out in order to force their erewhile member to fulfil the pledge he had given. And the fulfilment of that pledge meant war with Austria for no reason affecting the interests of France herself at that moment, with Austria against whom Prussia, in spite of her many years of warlike training, did not dare to draw the sword as yet, with Austria who with France was the protector of the temporal sovereignty of the Holy See. The lesson of the Crimean War had not been lost on Napoleon III. In spite of the glory that had accrued to French arms, the Emperor was aware that the war had not been popular with the majority of the French nation, who strongly suspected the motives that led to it, especially at its conclusion when there was no territorial or other compensation for the sacrifices they had undergone. And in the Crimean War the Emperor had had the support of the clergy, which he felt certain would fail in a war for the liberation of Italy; for not the humblest rural priest fostered the faintest illusion with regard to the final upshot of such liberation as far as Rome was concerned. And although the idea of freeing their Latin brethren from the hated yoke of the Austrian was no doubt attractive to some Frenchmen, the prospect of the humiliation of the Papacy as pictured by the priesthood throughout the land was hateful to nearly all.

That is why the Emperor felt sore with the police for not having prevented the catastrophe, and not as has so often been alleged because of the danger to which their neglect had exposed him. Truly, that danger had never appeared so formidable as then; the erstwhile *Carbonaro* had fondly imagined that the *Carbonaria* would stop short at taking his life—that all its former attempts had been intended to force his hand, not to render that hand powerless in death; and to a certain extent he had logic on his side. Louis Napoleon's death would have dispelled for at least a decade all reasonable chances of a free and

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united Italy. Mazzini's contention, assumption, or boast—call it what you will—that "Napoleon III.'s death would have been followed by another republic which would have come to the aid of Italy," to which boast Orsini gave utterance at his trial, will not bear a moment's investigation as regards its second postulate. But the truth of the first was patent to everybody, and more than patent to Louis Napoleon himself, who, notwithstanding his fatalism and his marvellous escape from the jaws of death, was too logical to court deliberately a second risk of a similar nature. The Prince Imperial was not two years old, and his father knew but too well that the sight of an infant king in his cradle, and shown by his mother, was no longer sufficient to keep revolutionary passions in check, as it had been 200 years before, during the Regency of Anne of Austria. If at any period he had been at all sanguine about the results of such an exhibition, the somewhat analogous experiments of the Duchesse de Berri (July, 1830) and of the Duchesse d'Orléans (February, 1848) were amply calculated to disabuse his mind in that respect, apart from the fact that in spite of his great love for his wife, he was not quite prepared to credit her with the heroism that beards a revolution. The Emperor, therefore, knew that the first and foremost condition of his son's succession to the throne was the prolongation of his own life. Four and twenty hours after the bloodshed in the Rue le Peletier, he had been categorically told that his life depended on the following steps on his part*: 1st. The Pardon of Orsini; 2d. The Proclamation of the Independence of Italy; 3d. The Coöperation of France with Italy in a war against Austria.

There was no alternative but acceptance,† and even then the

* I have heard it stated over and over again that on the morning after the affair in the Rue le Peletier the Emperor sent for an old friend of his mother, a Roman exile, who had been living in Paris for many years, and who had been implicated, forty-three years before, in the conspiracy against the Holy See. Queen Hortense had told her son, if ever he was in trouble, to apply to this friend. Though close upon seventy at that time, he was in direct communication with the *Carbonaria* and had not left off conspiring. It was he who imposed the three conditions mentioned above, and a few days later announced to the Emperor that fifteen months' respite would be granted for the latter two. Personally, I am under the impression that this intermediary between the Emperor and the *Carbonaria* was the lawyer Domassi, the same who, in 1815, when a prisoner in Rome, was the guest of Monsignor Pacca, the Governor of the Holy City, at whose own table he ate. I feel certain that his name was mentioned several times in my hearing, but I have not a single note to confirm my impression. On the other hand, my uncles maintained that the man for whom the Emperor sent was the Comte Arèse, the same who had been brought up side by side with Prince Louis, and whose father was on most intimate terms with Queen Hortense. Comte Arèse is said to have told the Emperor that, in addition to Orsini, forty other *Carbonari* had been selected to repeat the attempt, if Orsini's should fail.

† A few days after the attempt the Prince Regent of Prussia (subsequently Wilhelm I.) wrote to Prince Albert as follows: "Napoleon's dilemma was summed up in two words; War or the dagger; not a French dagger, but an Italian one."

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Carbonaria made a show of generosity in relieving Louis Napoleon of one of his pledges, the pardon of Orsini. They were afraid, probably, that the execution of that first pledge would entail the non-fulfilment of the other two; for at the first mention of his contemplated clemency the Emperor was confronted by the whole of the French clergy in the person of Cardinal Morlot, Archbishop of Paris. That prelate told him distinctly that, powerful as he was in France, "your Majesty is not sufficiently powerful to do this. By God's admirable grace, your Majesty's life has been spared, but a great deal of French blood has been shed, and that blood demands expiation. Without such expiation all idea of justice would be lost. *Justitia regnorum fundamentum.*"

When the words were reported to him at our home—I remember the scene as if it were to-day—Ferrari leaped from off his chair, and exclaimed: "They have come direct from Rome. The priests flatter themselves that the *Carbonaria* will insist rigorously on the redemption of the whole of the three pledges, and that short of that the society will take the Emperor's life. Well, the priests are mistaken. A human life counts for nothing with the *Carbonaria* and they will sacrifice Orsini's, as being for the moment less valuable than Louis Napoleon's to the cause of Italy's freedom. Remember what I tell you."

His interlocutors could not help remembering, for his prediction was realized to the very letter. A couple of days later the Emperor paid a secret visit to Orsini in his prison, and though no one knows till this day what transpired during that interview, Orsini after that became an altered man. He who had opposed a stern and stubborn silence to M. Treilhard's questions made virtually a clean breast of the whole affair. He supplied the most minute particulars of the organizing of the plot in London, and it was by the Emperor's special permission that Jules Favre was enabled to point out the lofty sentiments that impelled the deed. Louis Napoleon had virtually accepted the executorship of Orsini's political testament.*

By that time the Emperor could have had but few, if any, illusions left with regard to the efficiency of his police to protect him and his subjects against such outrages as that which had spread consternation throughout the land. The renewal of his

* I had the confirmation of this visit from the lips of the late Marshal Canrobert who had the particulars from General Fleury, who accompanied the Emperor.

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compact with the *Carbonaria* had, however, given him a respite of fifteen months, for he felt confident that under no circumstances would they prove false to their word. And fifteen months to a man of his temperament, who trusted to the events of an hour to carry out the plans he had meditated for years, who had even postponed the Coup d'État from week to week, fifteen months to such a man, just escaped from a supreme danger, seemed little short of eternity. Fifteen months might be productive of a chapter, nay of a whole volume, of accidents; meanwhile he could breathe freely.

What, then, was the Emperor's surprise when within the next three months he was informed secretly by one of his chamberlains that another plot against his life was being hatched by the *Carbonaria*. There could be no doubt about the society's share in the matter, seeing that a portrait of Orsini, very rare at that particular period, served as a token of recognition among the conspirators, several of whom were in Paris. Piétri had been succeeded by Boitelle, and the chamberlain's revelations which had been preceded by insinuations virtually took the shape of an indictment against the new Prefect of Police. At first the Emperor had been disinclined to attach much importance to those communications, although he gave Boitelle a hint of the rumors that were abroad, without divulging, however, his own source of information. But when the chamberlain handed the Emperor a portrait of Orsini, said to have been borrowed from one of the conspirators, the Emperor sent for his Prefect and placed the documentary proof before him. The latter was not in the least disconcerted. "If your Majesty will tear off the sheet of paper that covers the back of the portrait, the value of the documentary evidence will strike your Majesty as original." The portrait was signed by Boitelle himself. "In fact," said the Emperor when telling the story, "Boitelle while dancing on the tight-rope of office is compelled to do as the others do. Though honest to a degree he has to invent tricks to keep his balance, and like the others he has but little time to spare to look around him. That kind of dual observation can only be accomplished successfully by a Fouché, and even my uncle had only one. Fouché danced on the tight-rope and every now and again knocked the enemies of the Emperor on the head with his balancing-pole; my prefects allow my enemies to get hold of the balanc-

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ing-pole and to drag them off their rope with it. That is the difference between my police and that of Napoleon I." Eighteen months later, notwithstanding the apparently satisfactory issue of the war in Italy, the Emperor might have held the same language with regard to the superior officers of his army.

After all this, there is no need to insist upon the real motive —as distinguished from the alleged one—that led Louis Napoleon to undertake a war against Austria. What is, perhaps, less intelligible is the Emperor's anxiety for his cousin's marriage with Victor Emmanuel's daughter, notwithstanding the King's scarcely concealed repugnance to sanction such a union. The following note from my grand-uncles is dated January 1859.

"The King, though brave to a fault, dreads 'scenes' with his womankind. He had been more or less afraid of Queen Adelaide; he was afraid of Rosina Vercellana long before he made her Contessa di Mirafiori; he appears to be more afraid of Princesse Clotilde than he was of the late Queen and is of Contessa Rosina, although the Princess is but sixteen. But she takes life very seriously and has strong religious feelings, in which both views and feelings she is backed up by her former governess, Signorina Foresta. There being no mother these two are of course much thrown together, and the opposition to the marriage derived considerable and additional force from this constant companionship. Victor Emmanuel was on the horns of a dilemma, but Cavour got him out of it by positively 'bundling' Signorina Foresta out of the palace and ordering her to leave Piedmont within the space of twenty-four hours. Ferrari tells me that Cavour, in spite of his mild and benevolent looks can be very rough and arbitrary. The only one who is not afraid of him is Garibaldi, who on one occasion said that, Prime Minister or not, he would fling him out of the window if he began bullying. Be this as it may, according to Ferrari, Prince Napoleon was talking to Victor Emmanuel when the latter was called out of the room and told that Signorina Foresta had been got rid of. A moment or so afterwards the king returned, his face beaming with satisfaction. 'There has been a lot of worry about this marriage of yours,' he said to Plon-Plon, with whom ever since his visit to France in 1855 he had been on terms of boon companionship. Plon-Plon nodded his head affirmatively. 'Well, we'll settle the matter at once,' he said, and before Plon-Plon could ask any further

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questions, he rang the bell and sent for his daughter. A few minutes later the Princess entered the apartment, and the door had hardly closed upon her when her father pushed her into Plon-Plon's arms. 'I have told you that you are to marry Napoleon,' he laughed, 'and here he is; kiss one another and let there be an end of the matter.'"

That is how Victor Emmanuel got over his scruples or pretended to get over them, for to the end of his life he never forgave himself for that marriage. "I shall be able to account to my Maker for the blood I have spilled for the cause of Italy's freedom," he said shortly before his death. "I shall never be able to account for the tears and the martyrdom I have inflicted upon an innocent woman for that same cause; and that woman is my daughter."

The barest enumeration of the incidents of the Franco-Austrian campaign is out of the question here. There are at least a hundred books professing to treat those incidents historically; I have read several of these works; I have skimmed a great many more. As far as I can recollect there is not one which has fulfilled its real historical purpose of showing the reader that the disaster of Sedan was foreshadowed in the victory of Magenta. It is simply because the historian proper travels from his starting point—Cause—to his goal—Result—in a railway train, which mode of locomotion prevents him from examining the intervening ground invariably bestrewn with valuable personal anecdotes. In one of Disraeli's earlier novels—I do not remember which—there is a father who recommends his son to read biography and autobiography, by preference the latter, rather than history. I read that novel when I was a mere lad, and have never seen it since, but I promised myself to profit by the advice. I have not neglected history, but have taken it as the English take their melon, after dinner—*i. e.*, after my biographical fill of the men and women who played a part in that history. Most people take their history as the French take their melon, viz., before their biographical meal. Accident has, moreover, befriended me by placing at my disposal a number of notes not available to others, and it is from some of these that the evidence will be forthcoming not only as to the rotten state of the French army during the Franco-Austrian campaign, but of Napoleon's knowledge to that effect at the very beginning of that

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campaign; which knowledge went on increasing until the end, when he could come to one but conclusion, namely, that in spite of the glory that had accrued to it, the French army would be as powerless to keep the foreign foe at bay on its own territory as the police had been powerless to protect his life from the attempts of the assassin. Fate and only Fate had stood by Napoleon's side, and to Fate he would have to trust throughout.

The Emperor left the Tuileries for the seat of war at 5 P. M. on May 10, 1859; at 7:30 A. M. on May 4, hence six days and a few hours before his departure, Lieutenant de Cadore, one of his Majesty's orderly officers, handed Marshal Vaillant an autographic letter from his sovereign informing the old soldier that he had ceased to be Minister of War. A little less than four years before that period the Marshal in a confidential gossip with a friend, had confessed his inability either to accomplish or even to initiate the desired reforms in the army, of the necessity for which he was painfully conscious. The Marshal was essentially an honest man, so honest, in fact, as to accuse himself frequently of dishonesty without the smallest foundation for such an accusation. The Emperor must have been more or less aware of that incapacity of which, moreover, Vaillant made no secret;* yet there was no attempt on his Majesty's part to replace the admittedly incapable by the admittedly capable, for it would be idle to pretend that all the captains of the Second Empire who did not come to the front were vainglorious mediocrities. There were men who, though not endowed with genius, were nevertheless exceedingly well informed and ornaments to their profession. General (afterwards Marshal) Niel was neither a Moltke nor anything like a Moltke, but as an organizer he was probably superior to most of the men in view. His subsequent failure to reorganize the French army was due, first of all, to his early death; secondly, to the opposition he encountered on all sides during the short time he had his hand on the helm. And there were many men as able as he who were not even vouchsafed that small chance.

Why did not the Emperor replace Marshal Vaillant by one of them long before that? Why, having waited so long, did he dismiss him so abruptly at the twelfth hour? The eleventh had gone by, for a great part of the forces was already in Italy.

* *An Englishman in Paris*, vol. II., ch. viii.

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The first question must remain unanswered until I treat of society at the Tuileries and at Compiègne. The second I will answer at once.

Vaillant was deprived of his portfolio at a moment's notice because he had become imbued with the idea that an incapable Minister for War, pocketing the emoluments attached to his office, ought to atone for his incapacity by saving the moneys of the State. He had positively sent three of the divisions belonging to Canrobert's *corps d'armée*—namely, those of Bourbaki, Renault, and Trochu—across the Alps *with insufficient clothing, without stores of any kind, without cartridges, and almost without guns.* "Pray, ask the Emperor," said Bourbaki to the officer sent by Napoleon III. to take a preliminary view of the situation; "pray, ask the Emperor whether his Minister for War is a traitor or whether he has fallen into a state of idiocy?" "A French army has made its way into Italy before now without shoes to their feet and without shirts to their backs; but the sight of a French army going to confront the enemy without cannon and without cartridges is an unprecedented sight," concluded Trochu, when making his report to the same envoy.

This was before a blow had been struck, before a shot had been fired. On June 1 (three days before Magenta) the Emperor was within an ace of being taken prisoner by the Austrians at a distance of about a hundred yards from the French outposts, which outposts themselves were not three hundred yards away from the encampment of Failly's division. This narrow escape did not occur during an engagement, but while his Majesty was peacefully trundling in a shandrydan on a country road—I believe from Bicocca to Vespolata. At the battle of Magenta MacMahon himself fell among a detachment of Austrian sharpshooters, who luckily mistook him for one of their generals.

Is it wonderful then that the Emperor's illusions with regard to his army were gone? Is it wonderful that being the fatalist he was, he rushed madly into the war of 1870, trusting to his star and to his star only? For that such was the case I shall have no difficulty in proving by and by.

ALBERT D. VANDAM.

(To be Continued.)

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"COIN'S FINANCIAL SCHOOL" AND ITS CENSORS.

BY W. H. HARVEY, AUTHOR OF "COIN'S FINANCIAL SCHOOL."

"WHAT is it that exerts the most powerful influence in the world over the actions of mankind?"

This question was put by one man to another, as the two sat alone lazily smoking their cigars one afternoon, in a room of the Union League Club in Chicago.

The man to whom the question was addressed leaned back in his chair in a thoughtful attitude, elevated his face and slowly blew the smoke from his mouth as he held his cigar in his hand.

"Religion?" queried the man who had asked the question, as if to hasten a reply.

"No," said his companion, who now brought his hand down on the arm of the chair, sat a little more upright, and, looking straight at his companion, continued: "Money. Its influence in shaping the civilization of the world has been more powerful than that of religion. In fact, there can be no true civilization till its power is curbed, or, rather, till the philosophy of it is solved."

The man speaking had become animated. He now leaned forward and went on:

"If the present agitation results in solving that problem—a problem which never has been solved—there will be at once the beginning of a new era. Civilization needs a fluid—a life-giving, vitalizing fluid. It needs it in quantity and quality. It is a scientific question, and when it is discovered the world will know it by the effect produced."

"What do you call that which we now have?" interrupted the listener.

"Barbarous! A muddy, sickly fluid, flowing intermittently

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through the body politic with leeches sucking and impeding its circulation at every point," was the reply.

"Well, the subject is in a fair way to receive the attention of the world, and from present appearances, the United States will lead in the movement—it will be the issue in the campaign of 1896." Then he asked suddenly:

"What do you think of *Coin's Financial School?*"

"It has precipitated the study of the question and points the way to its correct solution."

"What do you think of the answers to it, and of its critics?"

The man to whom the question was addressed now rose, straightened himself out and paced the floor without at first saying anything in reply. Turning, he faced his companion and said:

"That book, as the near future will show, has aroused the prejudice of the most dangerous and powerful element in the world. Its critics are slaves set to lash the author of that book and their master is—money. You said a moment ago, or intimated, that religion exerted the greatest of all influences in the world on the action of members of the human race. Now, I will demonstrate to you that religion has a master that threw it, bridled it, broke it in and enslaved it. At the time of Christ what is now known as the Christian religion had its origin. It was at a period when a few owned about everything and were trying to possess themselves of what little the poorer people had. It was an era of selfishness—personal selfishness—with a craze for making money. Money was worshipped and hoarded by those who had it, and its scarcity among the people created a fierce competition for the small quantity in circulation. This brought on a congestion in business and trade and a very similar condition was produced to that which now exists throughout the world. Christ discovered the cause of the concentration of wealth and preached against it. He, in a literal sense, overturned the tables of the money changers. Put in the common American English of today, he said that the system of trading and trafficking in money and hiring it out for pay—usury, which means interest—would inevitably end in the destruction of all other industries; that these industries yielded a profit averaging less than the profits derived by money changers in the way of interest on their money; that this advantage to the money changers, who were dealing in the

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life blood of commerce itself—on the very existence of which commerce depended—finally gave to the money lenders such a power as to bring on disintegration of society and with it the debasement of the character of the people. Christ and his followers preached against this system, and they were intelligent men who had a strong, mental grasp of the situation, but little attention was paid to them till it was discovered that the people were being converted to their views. The fact was that in a trial by fair argument there was no other conclusion to reach. The argument was this:

"Trade and commerce—the interchange of products—depend on a common medium of exchange; one that will as nearly as possible register values, and neither expand nor contract to unduly affect the calculations of traders and business men. This medium of exchange should be devoted, they reasoned, solely to that use for which a demand had created it, and there should be no law that would encourage men to hoard it and demand pay for its use. It would thus have a value for exchange, but none for hire. The money lenders at first laughed at such an argument and said that money was property and it had always been lawful for men to hire out for use that which belonged to them. Christ replied to this by saying that, if these men were not allowed to hire their money out for interest, they would invest their money, and there being no object left thereafter to induce men to hoard money, it would flow freely in the channels of trade, answer the purpose for which it was intended, every one would get some of it and the great craze for money would cease. He also said that his plan would do away with a dangerous system that eventually destroyed all other industries. There would be no more hoarding of money. A relaxation of the social strain would follow, resulting in peace and general prosperity.

"The money changers discovered that this influence and this man had to be checked and gotten rid of very quickly or they would be overthrown. They shifted their position from one of attempting to reason with the people to one of ridicule and abuse. Poverty and the craze to make money had placed in their possession soldiers, servants and writers willing to do their bidding. To ridicule and abuse they added ostracism and punishment. 'Christian Dogs' was a common appellation given to these men who sought to remedy the ills of civilization. Finally the officers

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in authority instigated by the men whose property was threatened, or rather whose right to prosecute a '*legitimate*' business was being interfered with, decided to get rid of the main conspirator. This was Christ. To jail, punish or kill him would, they reasoned, destroy this 'pernicious movement!' This plan was adopted and carried out. Christ was arrested and his life taken. This threw his followers into confusion. Christ was himself a Jew, and the apology of modern religion for abandoning his teachings by railing at Jews has no significance in it except that which I give it."

Here the speaker paused, turned and walked to the other end of the room and back again. He began again:

"This put an end to hope of success for the movement set in motion two thousand years ago by that wise and good man. His followers kept up an attempt to carry out the wisdom of his religion, and so long as they did were persecuted.

"Promise me," the man standing continued, "that you will go and get the books giving the history of that period and know for yourself how and why these men were persecuted and why they were called all manner of vile names. When they were driven out of Judea they went to Rome and arousing there the same antagonism, they were similarly treated. Most of them were killed and many of them were smeared over with tar and torches made of their burning bodies by night on the streets. Finally these Christians abandoned this teaching of Christ, that had in it a remedy for the emancipation of the human race, and from that moment the Money Power let up and permitted them to become respected citizens. So, when you suggested that religion was the greatest influence in the world, I said 'No, it is money. And I was right."

Again he paused and took a short turn across the floor. His companion was silent, lying back in the large arm chair in which he was seated, his arms extending straight out from the body across the arms of the chair, his cigar gone out and his mind absorbed in contemplation of that long gone period, the truthful portrayal of which he recognized and admitted.

The man thus sitting did not utter a word, but his eyes looked the interest he felt in what was being said.

"And now," continued the man standing, "this same unconquered and relentless power is again aroused in defense of its sin-

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ful and selfish principle. It was not satisfied to wait for its slowly accumulating power to absorb all other wealth, and undertook to hasten this absorption by demonetization of one half of all the money, that it might thereby increase the importance of the remaining half. In its defense, as in the days of Christ, it knows that it cannot win by relying on fair argument to present the justice of its cause. Hence, it will use abuse, slander and misrepresentation. The fair, truthful, honest arguments of *Coin's Financial School* are met, not by counter arguments, but by abuse of the book and its author. I will state one of them to you," he continued. "A New York critic commences a book by saying that 'Coin's School' never took place; that the statement that a little boy held a school in the Art Institute in Chicago is false, and he exhibits and prints letters from prominent Chicago men to the effect that the school never occurred. He then proceeds to reason that the author who would lie about one thing cannot be relied upon to tell the truth about anything. He thus appeals to prejudice, just as the slave owners did when they damned *Uncle Tom's Cabin* by saying that no such negro as Uncle Tom ever existed and no man by the name of Legree lived in the South. No one who has capacity to address himself to the principle involved ever cared whether Uncle Tom and Legree actually lived or not; or whether a little boy in knee pants ever taught a school in Chicago, the pupils of which were such men as Lyman Gage, Jno. R. Walsh and other bank presidents and prominent business men. The principle discussed in the story told is the thing of value. But unable to meet and overthrow an invincible argument and yet determined to protect themselves by fair or foul means, they charge the book to be false from beginning to end and cite the non-existence of the 'School' as evidence to prove their case. If it were true that the book is base and false, is it not reasonable to suppose that the people of this country with the statutes and official documents from Washington before them, from which Coin quotes his tables and figures, would see that the book was a fraud and that it never could have won the prominence it has?

"A student of human nature," he concluded, "can see that Coin is telling the truth when he reads the personal attacks made on the author of the book; a man who is known only by reason of being the author of a volume that over a million of men—in-

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telligent men—have read, and who believe its statements of fact to be true and its logic sound."

"But," said the other, "*Coin's Financial School* uses the real names of living characters, while in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and other similar works, fictitious names only are used."

"That is true;" was the reply, "but in the 'School' the well-known opinions of these same characters as expressed by them in print are put into their mouths and fairly stated. It is the strength of the book that these questions are handled honestly and stated fairly, giving clear and full force to the arguments of the other side. In none of these letters of denial do any of these persons refute the sentiments and opinions that were put into their mouths."

"How do you account for so many books appearing in answer to the 'School,' and its critics in this form multiplying so rapidly?" was the next question.

"There are two classes of answers," replied the man standing. "First, an answer was necessary to head off the influence of the book. This brought forth several replies from men who were best capable of presenting the other side of the question. The other and larger class of replies came from numerous publishers who want to print books to sell. They are after the money there is in it, and, as the followers of the yellow standard were crying for an answer to the book, here was a demand to be supplied. 'These men will buy any book claiming to be an answer to the *School*,' is the way the publishers of books reasoned. I know one publisher here in Chicago who hired two writers and told them he wanted an answer written to *Coin's Financial School* in ten days. They threw up their hands and said: 'Impossible; we know very little about this question.' 'That makes no difference,' said the publisher; 'I want a book and must have it. The answer first on the market will have the largest sale, and you must throw something together which will make a respectable book.' The book was produced and compares very favorably with about forty others that were created under about the same circumstances.

"Then there are the numerous writers for pay" he continued, "who will write on either side of any subject for the money to be made. They are unconsciously the instruments or slaves of the power of money. They will assist in propagating and defending

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a system that is responsible for the disordered condition of society, because it makes money for them and relieves their temporary necessities which money will provide for. The young man who has just attended a conference at the First National Bank concerning the substance of an answer to the book is imbued by no high patriotic impulse. He is but an atom in this nervous age of money making. His mind is the natural product of the conditions environing his life, and the necessity of procuring the comforts of life makes of him what he is."

"In what way and with what success do they answer the facts and arguments in the book?" asked the quieter man of the two.

"Most of them," replied the man standing, "go to pieces as soon as they hit the financial question, and the reader quits and throws down the book. Some of them build up on a theory and construct interesting books. Those who undertake to prove that the statistics in Coin's book are false will take Coin's table of prices, for instance, of wheat, cotton and silver, covering the last twenty-one years, and will make a table of their own, different from the one in the book, and put the two side by side. Coin gives the annual export price at New York, as given by the United States Statistical Abstract, for those years, and the author of the reply will take, for instance, Chicago prices, but will not explain with fairness to the reader why the tables do not agree. Thus the two tables will differ. But they will both show to the thinker that the principle Coin contends for is right, viz.: that prices of products not affected by trusts have declined with silver, and all are being measured in appreciated gold. The author of the reply is satisfied when he has represented Coin as a liar by his system of comparing prices. Those who admit his facts and statistics and argue honestly for a gold standard make the best replies."

"Of all the replies, both fair and unfair, which class do you regard as the most dangerous to the cause the School represents?"

"Those vilifying the book and its author. I say that for this reason. The book cannot be answered. The next best thing to do is to prejudice the people who have not read the book against it, so that they will not read it."

"Yes, but does not this, by exciting the curiosity of the people, cause it to be read?" the man seated inquired.

"No, not when you convince a man that if he reads it he will read a pack of lies; that the statements and figures are unreliable.

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This removes the desire to read the book. If you want to kill the influence of a man, or, as in this instance, a book, use ridicule and abuse. By calling a man an 'anarchist,' 'crank,' 'repudiator,' 'lunatic,' and 'blatant orator,' an impression will be created among all except the followers of the 'crank' and 'lunatic,' that the man is more or less such a person. This is the most effective weapon that has ever been or can be used on those who seek a reform that interferes with the power of money or the dominion of property over human hearts. Money has no patriotism. It has no moral principles. If the life of the government were in danger to-morrow, as it was in 1861–65, the money power would hold it up by the throat. In fact, it is now strangling the government. It smiles on you when you recognize its power but will crush you if you antagonize it, just as it induced Pontius Pilate and the officials of that government to kill Jesus Christ and scatter His followers. It is now only partially aroused; if the danger to it continues to rise in this country it will exhibit all its strength and it will be terrible! It will seize the government. Official despotism will follow. Men whose characters have been moulded and made by the conditions leading up to the present situation, when elected to office, become the servants of this power. Their salaries are not reduced; if changed at all the salaries are raised. The purchasing power of their dollars is increased by the system they defend. Their self interest goes with the money power and they court its favors and look for a soft spot, financially, on which to land at the end of their term of office. They seemingly become heartless concerning the common masses—the plain people—hence, official despotism. These are the conditions that come with the breaking down of a government as a natural result of the money power absorbing the wealth of the people. I do not mean any man individually, or any number of men collectively, when I speak of the money power. It is a thing impersonal. It is a grasping, perverse nature cultivated in man, that seizes upon the use of money to accomplish its evil purpose. It is most dangerous because it gives strength and prominence to those who advocate its cause, and has the appearance of being a just and reasonable right under the laws of man for the disposal of property. It is not so easy for men to see that its tendency is evil and its victims millions, when their eyes are blinded by the dazzling blaze of possibilities

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of wealth for themselves. The right to accumulate unnecessary property and to produce distress among the people is not a divine right, and should not be guaranteed by human laws."

The man who had thus spoken paused, and, as he did so, the man who had been seated rose and walked across the floor with his head bowed and his hands behind him. Nothing more was said by either for several minutes. Suddenly the one who had listened and thus been impressed, said:

"And what is the end?"

"Monarchy!" was the reply, and then continuing: "Monarchy, where man's liberty is suppressed, free speech and a free press abolished, and the poor held in subjection, standing armies increased, police protection and a rule of might prevail, where all recognize but one master, the power of wealth. To acknowledge the principle of which I speak would be serving another god than wealth. The men on whom a suffering race must depend to advance its cause and secure the needed laws have not in monarchies the right of free speech, let alone the strength to overcome the power of money. Men of unusual wealth will always take sides with this evil power to assist in crushing out a demand for reform—which is but a cry for justice."

Both men were now standing facing each other, and, as the philosopher who advocated the doctrine of Christ ceased speaking, the other asked:

"How do you account for its taking two thousand years to again involve the world?"

"The unexplored portions of the world," was the reply, "were escape valves for the poorer people, and they fled from the rigors of humiliation galling to liberty-loving natures by emigration into modern Europe, and in the last four hundred years to this country. The damming up of the stream has now come. There is no unexplored part of the world left suitable for men to inhabit, and justice now stands at bay, confronted by an enemy confident of its strength and as heartless and unrelenting as it is selfish."

"On which side are we?" earnestly asked the other.

"On the side of justice." In a prompt and animated tone came the reply, and the two men simultaneously extended their right hands and joined them together in a hearty grasp to seal the promise that day given one to the other.

W. H. HARVEY.

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DEGENERATION AND EVOLUTION.

I.—A REPLY TO MY CRITICS.

BY DR. MAX NORDAU.

THREE critics have raised their voices against me in this magazine. I desire, first of all, to pay my compliments to Mr. Hazeltine. My dealings with him shall be reserved for the end. Mr. Cox and Mr. Seidl pair together exceedingly well. They are closely allied intellectually. Both possess the identical four characteristics that mark them as members of the same family. They write in bad faith, they are vulgar, they are ignorant, and they are incapable of argumentation. Whenever I detect these features in critics, I am accustomed to pass them by with a shrug of the shoulder. They have no claim upon recognition. And in answering them, I do so merely out of respect for the place where their production appeared and for the public which has done them the honor of reading it.

I.

MR. COX imputes to me the statement that the predilection of the middle and lower classes for chromos is an indication of their intellectual sanity. I never said anything of the kind. What I do say is that "only a very small minority take any sincere delight in the new 'departures,'" which I characterize as morbid, while the Philistine and Proletarian, whom I would still consider mentally sound, find these "departures" repellent. And for that reason the *aversion* of the masses to Pointillists and Pipists, to Symbolists and White-washers, and not their *predilection* for popular chromos, is a proof of their intellectual sanity. This predilection is proof only of their scanty training in art. Take the Philistine or Proletarian who revels in the despised chromos. Conduct him frequently through the museum. Show him the

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magic of color of Titian and Rubens, the harmony of Rembrandt, the force of Velasquez and Franz Hals, the honest drafting of Memling, Holbein, and Dürer, the temperament and depth of feeling of Murillo and Correggio, and, above all, the more than human truth and beauty and spirituality of Leonardo,—cultivate his eye and his taste with those splendors, and the sound Philistine and Proletarian will come to be ashamed of his exultation over poor chromos; he will esteem and appreciate the labors of true artists, but will despise the hystericals, idiots and sensation hunters of the brush even more than before his art culture; for he will then perceive better than now how far removed from true art the aberration of these persons is. But the case of the small, though noisy, minority of degenerates, who have made the aberrations of art fashionable, is hopeless. They have enjoyed the benefit of an æsthetic training. They know the art collections. They have seen the eternal masters. But they have a sense for no normal beauty, and only for irritating curiosities, which are insults to taste, logic and morals. And thus the criterion of the sanity or morbidity of the masses and of the minority is not what attitude they may assume towards the odious chromo, but their attitude towards the aberrations of art.

Mr. Cox speaks of my "arrogance," and my "total inability to comprehend art." I am arrogant because I am not of one opinion with him. He simply assumes that his opinion is self-evidently and indisputably correct; from which, of course, the logical deduction is that a divergent opinion must not only be false but also malicious. Such a degree of artless self-confidence disarms. And as far as my "total inability to comprehend art" is concerned, I have long been familiar with that kind of phrase. It has always been with these that the fanatic advocates of lunacies in art and literature have endeavored to intimidate the poor folk that refuse to recognize anything but lunacies in them. "Do you not find that Ganguin, that Van Gogh are great artists? Then you are totally unable to comprehend art." The poor people at whose heads this condemnation is hurled are frightened. It is hard to be declared incapable of understanding art. To escape this frightful disqualification they make desperate efforts to admire Ganguin and Van Gogh. The reputation of many an artist and poet—of Mallarmé, for instance—is solely the result of this terrorism exercised upon timid and fragile natures by fools

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or buffoons. Who does not know the old Oriental fairy tale, repeated by Andersen, and finally dramatized by Ludwig Fulda, in which a swindler sells an Egyptian sultan a wonderful cloth, which possesses the peculiarity of being visible only to the virtuous, while it remains invisible to the vicious? The cloth has no existence, the astute cheat only goes through the motions of unrolling, measuring, and cutting, but holds nothing in his hand. The sultan does not see any cloth, neither do the courtiers. But no one dares avow this. Everybody admires the non-existing cloth, and praises its imaginary gorgeousness with the choicest adjectives. For if anybody had owned that he saw nothing but empty air, he would thereby have furnished the proof of his depravity. The imposture is ended only when a small child in its innocence and frankness exclaims that it cannot comprehend what the others mean by speaking of a beautiful cloth; it sees no cloth; there certainly is no cloth. Scarcely credible though it be, this improbable fairy tale is repeated daily. A fool or an impostor points to some idiotic work and says: "Here is a master-production. Whoever recognizes its beauty is an art connoisseur; whoever does not recognize its beauty demonstrates his 'total inability to comprehend art.'" And the public, cowardly and intimidated, like the Egyptian courtiers of the story, actually exclaims: "How wonderful is this work of art!"—although it, of course, sees well enough that the work is not wonderful, but ineffably idiotic, that it is the delirium of a lunatic, or the childish effort of incompetence, or the mystification of a humbug.

Mr. Cox says of my analysis of the Pre-Raphaelite school: "This is somewhat like slaying the dead." He does not perceive that by this incidental phrase he destroys his whole polemic against me and brands it as frivolous, and that, provided his statement is correct, he completely justifies my attitude. For, if Pre-Raphaelitism is dead, it must assuredly have perished because it was not fit to survive, because it was morbid; and the whole object of the chapter which Mr. Cox assails is, after all, only to prove that Pre-Raphaelitism is morbid, is not fit to survive. But Mr. Cox's statement is untrue. While it may be that Pre-Raphaelitism has been vanquished in England it is just beginning on the Continent to exercise its baneful influence. In the salon of the Champ du Mars, this year, I find at least a

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dozen painters whose pictures are completely dominated by the influence of Sir E. Burne-Jones. I only mention Aman-Jean, Ary-Renan, Hawkins, Monod, W. Stott, Picard, Osbert. I might easily double or even treble the enumeration. In view of this epidemic of imitation my chapter was not superfluous.

"*Modern Painters* was not a collection of studies," says Mr. Cox. Well, then, he has never had the book in his hand. For Ruskin himself says in the preface that the book grew out of individual studies; and we all know that individual portions, for instance the essay on Turner and English Landscape painting, appeared before the publication of the first volume of *Modern Painters,* which contains an elaboration of that essay.

In reference to my statement that the Pre-Raphaelites "got all their leading principles from Ruskin," Mr. Cox says: "This has been disproved again and again. Ruskin took up the movement and explained it after it was started." Evidently Mr. Cox does not know what he is speaking about. He confuses *Modern Painters* with *Pre-Raphaelitism*. *Modern Painters* first began to appear in 1843. The Pre-Raphaelite movement was started towards the end of the 'Forties. Ruskin's *Pre-Raphaelitism* appeared in 1851. Mr. Cox never read Hall Caine's and W. Sharp's memoirs of Rossetti. He is unacquainted with Holman Hunt's autobiography. Otherwise he would have seen how Hunt and Hall Caine, speak of the influence of the first volume of *Modern Painters* upon Rossetti, Millais and Hunt. Neither has he seen Robert de Sixeraune's book, *La Peinture-Anglaise Moderne.* There, too, it is expressly stated that "*Penché sur ce livre* (namely, Ruskin's *Modern Painters*), *Holman Hunt y puisait comme une seconde vie.*" There is no doubt that *Pre-Raphaelitism* was written by Ruskin after the movement was well under way. But he wrote it because he felt obliged to defend a movement which had sprung from his book, *Modern Painters.*

The principle of Pre-Raphaelitism is that "in order to express devotion and noble feeling, the artist must be defective in form." Mr. Cox adds hereto: "This nonsense is Nordau's own." Read the literal passages from Ruskin: "A rude symbol is oftener more efficient than a refined one in touching the heart. . . . As pictures rise in rank as works of art they are regarded with less devotion and more curiosity. . . . The picture which has the nobler and more numerous ideas, however awkwardly ex-

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pressed, is a greater and a better picture than that which has the less noble and less numerous ideas, however beautifully expressed. . . . The less sufficient the means appear to the end, the greater will be the sensation of power." And now judge for yourself whether this nonsense is Nordau's or Ruskin's. "No such principle," says Mr. Cox, "was ever announced by the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood as that artists should be deformed." Again, Mr. Cox has never read the expressions, "divine crookedness," and "holy awkwardness" which Pre-Raphaelites have applied to poorly drawn pictures.

I say, "Rossetti's father gave him the name of the great poet" (Dante). Cox observes: "His father did nothing of the kind. . . . He adopted the 'Dante' later, and all Nordau's argument of the influence of his name upon his character falls to the ground." Read the following first strophe of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's poem: "Dante's Tenebrae. In memory of my father:"

> "And didst thou know, indeed, when at the font,
> Together with thy name *thou gav'st me his*,
> That also on thy son must Beatrice
> Decline her eyes, according to her wont?"

Now, what falls to the ground? Mr. Cox has the assurance to add: "Apparently our author can be accurate in nothing? He speaks of the 'P. R. B.' exhibition in 1849 as if it were a separate exhibition of the Brotherhood alone." What I said was literally this: "In the spring of 1849 they exhibited in London a number of pictures and statues." There is not a syllable here to indicate that it was a separate exhibition. That point was left altogether untouched. Mr. Cox seems to take umbrage at my statement that "Rossetti soon exchanged the brush for the pen." I submit if this is not the correct description of the activity of a man who, in the first part of his artistic activity principally painted and only at rare intervals versified, while later on he scarcely ever painted and never exhibited, but, on the other hand, wrote copiously and published his writings?

"He cannot even describe a picture correctly, for he says that the figure of Christ in Holman Hunt's 'Shadow of the Cross' is standing in the Oriental *attitude of prayer*, . . . the shadow of his body falling *on the ground*. Both the statements I have italicized are untrue." The only thing which is untrue is the presumptuous assertion of Mr. Cox. Christ stands

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with outstretched arms, and the shadow of the body together with the outstretched arms is precisely what constitutes the cross. I was in England when Holman Hunt's picture was first exhibited. It gave occasion at the time to an extensive newspaper controversy. The painter and his friends maintained that Christ was painted in an Oriental attitude of prayer. Oriental travellers and savans replied that no Oriental prays with outstretched arms. It is not my province to decide this question. It suffices for me that Holman Hunt had the intention and the conviction of painting Christ in an Oriental attitude of prayer.

Mr. Cox seeks to demonstrate that I am wofully at variance with myself. He does this by placing in juxtaposition such passages of my book, as he has partly not understood and partly misrepresented. I am made to say that the painter is not permitted to draw the ideal form of things for "the ideal form is an assumption. . . . To exclude individual features from a phenomenon as unessential and accidental, and to retain others as intrinsic and necessary is to reduce it to an abstract idea;" and then I am quoted as having said later: "For the artist, in his creation, separates the essential from the accidental, . . . divines the idea behind the structure . . . and discloses it in his work to the spectator." This looks serious in good sooth, and seems to justify Mr. Cox's comment: "It is not often that any one can be so superbly inconsistent as this." The truth is that the inconsistency has been produced artificially by Mr. Cox, and that no reader in good faith will find it in my book.

Ruskin says: "There is an ideal form of every herb, flower and tree. It is that form to which every individual of the species has a tendency to attain, freed from the influence of accident or disease," and he goes on to say: "To recognize and to reproduce this ideal form is the one great task of the painter." I contest this thesis of Ruskin's and show that it cannot possibly be the painter's task to paint an "ideal form," that is a "schema." (The English translation of this portion of my book is not wholly correct. I beg to be permitted to stand by the German original. Nobody can hold me responsible for the individual expressions of a translation which I did not review.) "The 'schema,'" I continue, "presupposes a conception of the law which conditions the phenomenon. This conception" (not "idea," as the English translation renders it) "may be erroneous, it varies with the

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reigning scientific theories; the painter does not reproduce varying scientific theories, but sensible impressions; the 'schema' excites intellectual labor and not emotion, and the province of art is the excitation of emotion."

And on page 333 I say: "The emotion . . . is . . . a means of obtaining knowledge. . . . It constrains the higher centres to attend to the causes of their excitations, and in this way necessarily induces a sharper observation and comprehension of the whole series of phenomena related to the emotion. Next, the work of art grants an insight into the laws of which the phenomenon is the expression, for the artist, in his creation, separates the essential from the accidental . . . *and involuntarily gives prominence to the former as that which chiefly or solely occupies his attention, and is therefore perceived and reproduced by him with especial distinctness.*" Mr. Cox has suppressed the italicized lines. They contain the kernel of my idea. They prove that no such inconsistency was perpetrated by me, as Mr. Cox suggests. Ruskin insists that the painter must have a complete conception of the law which conceals itself behind the phenomenon, and that he must have a clear consciousness and intention of reproducing the phenomenon in such a way as to express that law with clearness. I declare that to be false and unartistic. I say contrariwise that the artist meets the phenomenon with an emotion; this emotion directs his attention to those features of the phenomenon which are the cause of the emotion; in consequence whereof he gives prominence to these features and neglects the others because they escape his notice. And when the picture is finished it does not show the phenomenon objectively, as is the case with a photograph, but it is just what the painter perceived it to be subjectively by dint of his emotion. And if the painter is a divining genius, his artistic emotion will be aroused by the expression of the great nature-forces, or, in other words, the eternal laws of nature in the phenomenon, and through his picture the great nature-forces, the eternal laws of nature, speak more plainly than through the phenomenon itself when viewed by one who does not possess the analytic and classifying artistic emotion of a divining genius. In short, Ruskin wants the artist to have a predetermined opinion; I want him to allow the phenomenon to operate upon him. Ruskin wants thought-labor; I want emotion. Ruskin wants

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the artist to consciously impart into the phenomenon a rational conception; I want him to unconsciously give prominence to such individual features of the phenomenon as will enable the beholder to perceive a distinct law. Ruskin wants painting to be the art of the conscious; I want it to be the art of the unconscious. I am at variance with Ruskin, but not with myself.

There is another untruthful assertion of Mr. Cox's connected with this discussion. He says that I "make my own that doctrine of absolute fidelity to fact which is the worst feature of Ruskin's teaching." I do exactly the reverse. I even demonstrate that "absolute fidelity to fact" is utterly impossible to the painter. (P. 476-7. "It might be thought, perhaps, that . . . painting and sculpture are *capable of a faithful reproduction of reality.* . . . *This is an error.* It would never occur to a painter or a sculptor to place himself before a phenomenon, and reproduce it without selection, without accentuations and suppressions. . . . *Involuntarily* he will accentuate and throw into relief the feature which has inspired him with the desire to imitate the aspect in question, *and his work*, consequently, *will no more represent the phenomenon as it really was, but as he saw it;* it will only be a fresh proof, therefore, of his emotion, not the cast of a phenomenon.") Is this clear? Is it possible to be less correct than Mr. Cox when he maintains that I require "absolute fidelity to fact" from the painter?

Mr. Cox speaks of my "fury at witticisms," and states that according to me the tendency to perpetrate these is one of the great signs of mental degeneration. I never once spoke of witticisms, but of puns. Puns are, indeed, a proof of the association of ideas solely according to the similarity of sound of the words, but they make little or no requisition upon the reasoning faculty. And such a purely mechanical association is evidence of defective idealism and of insufficient intellectual strength.

"The way in which diametrically opposite symptoms prove the same disease seems strange to the unscientific mind," says Mr. Cox. So much the worse for the unscientific mind. It may seem strange to him that excessive irritability, for instance, and its apparently direct reverse, dullness, and even total insensibility, are symptoms of the same disease, nervous exhaustion. But any "scientific mind" will teach Mr. Cox that this is a fact.

Mr. Cox reproaches me with "never praising any artist . . .

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except those whose reputation is so firmly established as to be beyond all cavil." This is intended as a proof of my "insensibility to art." Mr. Cox is not the inventor of this ridiculous reproach. A wise Theban cast it up to me once before. My answer to him shall serve as my answer now. What! I write a book about "Degeneration." I say in the title, in the preface, in the introduction, in the concluding chapter, ten times, one hundred times, that I desire to occupy myself *only* with the pathological aspect of Degeneration, *only* with its manifestations in art and literature; and now I am reproached for speaking in my book on "Degeneration" precisely of the degenerate ones whom I cannot praise, and not of sound artists whom I can praise! You might as well chide the author of a work on special diseases for not speaking of foot-ball champions and record-breakers in high and broad jumping, or the author of a work on insanity for not dwelling upon people with a phenomenally sound intellect. I have praised plenty of artists and literati who had no established reputation, and towards the establishment of whose reputation I was fortunate enough to be of assistance. Whoever has read my other books, whoever has read my Studies of the Paris Salons in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, or in the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*, is aware of that. But, surely my book on "Degeneration" was not the place to express my views of sound artists.

"What he does praise or admire in art is almost always successful imitation." I have just now shown that this is false. Imitation plays no part in my theory of art. I even affirm that bare imitation of art is impossible for psychological reasons. "There is no sign that beauty of line or fine composition has ever appeared to him to exist." On page 80 I discussed the means by which a picture awakens feelings of pleasure, and I find that these means are, *firstly* (not "solely"), the agreeable sensorial impression of beautiful color-harmony; *secondly*, an illusion of actuality and the pleasure attendant upon the recognition of the represented phenomenon; *thirdly*, the perception of the emotions which prompted the artist to give prominence to certain features of the phenomenon, such as the inartistic beholder failed to perceive so plainly before. But how else can the second and third of these effects be produced than by the "beauty of line and composition," that is, the drawing or the modelling of the figures and the arrangement of the groups?

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After all, the objections hazarded by Mr. Cox might almost all be well founded, Mr. Cox might be right in almost every point wherein he finds fault with me, and I be wrong, and still he would not have touched the real nucleus of the work from afar. Whether the Pre-Raphaelites exhibited alone or in consort with others in 1849, or whether Rossetti's name was Dante or not, does not in the least affect the thesis for the proof of which I wrote my book: namely, that certain fashion tendencies of art are morbid and that they are rooted in the degenerateness of their inventors. Mr. Cox's hair-splitting arguments do not even touch this thesis.

II.

I HAVE but little to say to Anton Seidl. In his three pages of frightful ejaculations I have found only two statements which have demonstrated themselves as correct. I am said to have used Praeger's biography as a prop for my assertions concerning Wagner. My chapter on Wagner covers forty-three pages. Praeger is mentioned in it only once. That passage is, "For Wagner's persecution mania we have the testimony of his most recent biographer and friend, Ferdinand Praeger, who relates that, for years, Wagner was convinced that the Jews had conspired to prevent the representation of his operas." This is the only reference to Praeger, who is not mentioned before nor afterward, whose book I have not used in any other place, from whom I have taken no other allegation. And those few lines afford Anton Seidl a pretext to maintain that I drew materials from him "to substantiate my silly accusations." I would not have needed to have recourse to Praeger even for the information that Wagner imagined himself persecuted by the Jews, as there is other testimony in great abundance to the same effect.

The second statement is that I "cite Nietzsche as a competent critic of Wagner's dramatic poetry, but reject Nietzsche as of imbecile judgement in critizing Wagner, the musician." I was speaking of the part which the salvation idea played with Wagner and said, page 184: "Nietzsche has already remarked this and makes merry over it, with repulsively superficial witticisms." And thus I cite Nietzsche as a "competent critic of Wagner's dramatic poetry"! Any other reader than Anton Seidl would understand this passage to mean that "Wagner's salvation-

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stupidity was so palpable that even a lunatic like Nietzsche could not help perceiving it."

III.

MR. HAZELTINE regards the question which I sought to deal with from a lofty point of view. In noble terms appropriate to his noble train of thinking, he, too, deplores the chaotic state of the times. But his views concerning the *fin de siecle* malady differ from mine in three respects. Mr. Hazeltine does not believe that this malady is a new manifestation; he does not believe that it is caused by degeneration; and he does not recognize its aetiology in the effects of the new inventions, the growth of the great cities, and the ravages of stimulating poisons, particularly of alcohol; but, rather, in the loss of religious faith.

It were a pleasure to me to be able to coincide with so distinguished a mind as Mr. Hazeltine's even in the minutest detail. Objections raised by him demand serious reflection.

I have examined Mr. Hazeltine's arguments with respect, with sympathy and free from a spirit of vain antagonism. He will pardon me if I tell him that I really believe that I can reply to his objections and uphold my theses.

I am grateful to Mr. Hazeltine for not charging me with the delusion of imagining that the views which our times afford are not something unique and hitherto unheard of. The celebrated sociologist of Gratz, Professor Gumplovicz, has proposed the names "Akrochronism" and "Akrotopism" to designate this rather wide-spread error. He applies these words to that mental defect which consists in making one believe that one's own age and the place wherein one lives are something which never had their parallel. I have striven to avoid this error of the mind. I was so much struck by the similarity of our times with the age of decline of the Roman Empire that I laid especial stress and dwelt upon it in one of my former books, "The Conventional Lies of Cultured Humanity." But just as it has been said that "a little philosophy leadeth away from God, but a great deal thereof leadeth back again," so I should like to say that "a little knowledge of history leads one to believe in the similarity between different epochs, but more knowledge shows that the similarity is only apparent, and that the difference is really very great."

In Rome, at the Decline, we find precisely as at the present day, an unravelling of all moral bonds, ferocity in manners, un-

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sparing egotism, sensualism and brutality; we find multitudes whose loathing of life impels them to suicide. The realistic literature of a Petronius is the counterpart of the novels of a Zola, only that there is more humor and wholesome satire in one chapter of the *Cena Trimalchionis* than in all the two dozen volumes of the *Rougon-Macquart* combined. The luxuriating of the neo-Platonism reminds one of the neo-mystic movement of our own times. In so far, the similarity is striking. The divergence begins when we consider not the immoral, but rather the delirium-reeking literature and art of the present day, and do not overlook the concomitant phenomena of the social life. No record has been preserved to show us that the decay of manners in Rome increased the rate of drunkenness, insanity and impulsive crimes—for we must distinguish impulsive crimes from those crimes which yield a palpable advantage to their perpetrators. To-day this increased ratio is observable in all centers of civilization, at least, in Europe. Furthermore, we find in Rome at the decline a retrogression of the arts, the works become more slovenly, heavy and awkward, but still, antiquity does not furnish us with such poets as Mallarmè, Sar Peladan, Maeterlink, such philosophers as Nietzsche, such artists as Henry Martin, Monet, Pissarro, Van Gogh, or Trachsel. In these respects I see an essential difference between our age and preceding epochs which seem to bear a resemblance to it.

Mr. Hazeltine's views are quite correct so far as they go. But he has confined himself to only one side of the question and neglected the other side. He sees only the immoral tendencies of the present time. Such tendencies have been observed heretofore from time to time, particularly in the wake of occurrences which shook the social fabric, such as wars, revolutions and epidemics. They imply neither degeneration nor insanity, but the uncaging of the beast in persons who are held in check in normal times by the wholesome fear of police and judges. But in our day I see, besides the immoral tendencies, delirious tendencies, and concerning these, Mr. Hazeltine is silent. Tolstoï is not immoral. Neither are the Pre-Raphaelites, and Wagner is so only by reason of the excess of his erotic emotions. But they are mystico-confused. Their ideation is abnormal. Their theories of art and social reform are identical with those which the psychist meets with in his educated patients,

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and often even, although in a more naïve, less developed degree, in his patients of the lower social strata. Immorality alone would not justify the diagnosis of degeneration. That much I will at once concede to Mr. Hazeltine. But deliriums do justify the diagnosis; and yet of the forms of delirium which I dwelt upon at large, Mr. Hazeltine has said nothing. And the diagnosis is supported by the aforementioned concomitant phenomena of the non-artistic and non-literary kind, which cannot be traced to immorality alone, like the increased rate of insanity, imbecility, idiocy and impulsive crimes, but which certainly may be traced to degeneration.

The epoch of the troubadours of Provence occupies a unique position. At that time immorality and decay of manners were not, as in the Rome of the decline, the main features; but there were then, as now, in the literary and social life distinct signs of deliriums—erotomania, mystico-mania, and a certain degree of Masochism (a sickly revelling in the thought of being the slave of a woman and of being ready to suffer for or through her).

That would, indeed, seem to establish a similarity between that era and ours. But, according to all that we know of the confusions of the mediæval period, these were not phenomena of degeneration, but rather epidemics of hysteria; and this hysteria was simply a consequence of the excitements attendant upon the terror preceding the year 1,000, then upon the crusades and later upon the black-death.

And now we come to the aetiological question. Mr. Hazeltine makes religious decay responsible for the disease of this age as well as for the morbid phenomena of the twelfth century and of the time of the Roman Empire. He denies that over-exertion had anything to do with it. He is convinced that humanity can adapt itself without injury to every new invention. I, myself, believe that. But time is required for the adaptation, and meantime generations of less adaptable persons perish for lack of organic fitness. And as far as over-exertion is concerned, it really does seem almost paradoxical to say that the "upper ten" live more comfortably and more peaceably to-day than their ancestors before the introduction of the railroad, the telegraph, the telephone, the globe-trotting mania and the ubiquitous interviewer. I treated the argument of over-exertion very fully in *Degeneration*. I adduced numerous statistics there in corroboration. I

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do not wish to repeat the figures here. There is, in my mind, no doubt of the existence of the over-exertion, the multiplication of all sensations, the manifolding of the services that are required of us. Lack of faith explains but few of the present phenomena. It does not even explain those of the Roman decline and the turmoils of the twelfth century. For the educated classes of Augustan Rome, while the empire was still new, young and strong, were just as sceptical as two centuries later; and the belief of the illiterate masses in the third century was identically the same as in the first century. Their religion was an uncouth, naïve superstition, and even their Christianity, when they adopted it, was only a change of name applied to their ancient views, which remained essentially the same. And to charge the twelfth century with infidelity would require no little temerity! Contact with Islam can rob no one of faith, for faith is nowhere rooted deeper than among Mohammedans. At the commencement of our era also, and also in the twelfth century, other elements besides infidelity were at work to produce an intellectual epidemic. To-day that is surely the case, as we are subject to sensations which radically transmute the life and habits of every man, and to a cause of perturbation which was known neither in old Rome nor in the twelfth century; that is to say, the stimulating poisons, especially alcohol, which has been distilled only since the eighth century and has come into general use only in recent years.

I believe I have established my thesis. Our age certainly has individual features in common with other ages, but at no time known to me were there, in addition to phenomena of mere brutality and lewdness, so many symptoms of organic ruin observable as now. The diagnosis—"degeneration"—is justified by these symptoms of organic ruin, and is more applicable to our times than to previous epochs. And infidelity cannot be the sole or even the principal cause; for to assume so would be equivalent to shutting one's eyes completely to alcoholism and to over-exertion, which are discovered as the aetiology in numerous cases.

I have weighed Mr. Hazeltine's arguments seriously. I beg him also to ponder mine. The questions that engage both of us are of the number of those which are most deserving to occupy the human mind.

MAX NORDAU.

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II.—KIDD'S "SOCIAL EVOLUTION."

BY THE HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

MR. KIDD'S "Social Evolution" is distinctly one of the books of the year. It has been called a great book; but this it is not, for the writer is burdened by a certain mixture of dogmatism and superficiality, which makes him content to accept half truths and insist that they are whole truths.

He deserves credit for appreciating what he calls "the outlook." He sketches graphically, and with power, the problems which now loom up for settlement before all of us who dwell in Western lands; and he portrays the varying attitudes of interest, alarm, and hope with which the thinkers and workers of the day regard these problems. He points out that the problems which now face us are by no means parallel to those that were solved by our forefathers one, two or three centuries ago. The great political revolutions seem to be about complete and the time of the great social revolutions has arrived. We are all peering eagerly into the future to try to forecast the action of the great dumb forces set in operation by the stupendous industrial revolution which has taken place during the present century. We do not know what to make of the vast displacements of population, the expansion of the towns, the unrest and discontent of the masses, and the uneasiness of those who are devoted to the present order of things.

Mr. Kidd sees these problems, but he gropes blindly when he tries to forecast their solution. He sees that the progress of mankind in past ages can only have been made under and in accordance with certain biological laws, and that these laws continue to work in human society at the present day. He realizes the all importance of the laws which govern the reproduction of mankind from generation to generation precisely as they govern the reproduction of the lower animals, and which, therefore, largely govern his progress. But he makes a cardinal mistake in treating of this kind of progress. He states with the utmost positiveness that, left to himself, man has not the slightest innate tendency to make any onward progress whatever, and that if the conditions of life allowed each man to follow his own inclinations the average of one generation would always tend to sink below the average of the preceding. This is one of the sweeping generalizations of

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which Mr. Kidd is fond, and which mar so much of his work. He evidently finds great difficulty in stating a general law with the proper reservations and with the proper moderation of phrase; and so he enunciates as truths statements which contain a truth, but which also contain a falsehood. What he here says is undoubtedly true of the world, taken as a whole. It is in all probability entirely false of the highest sections of society. At any rate, there are numerous instances where the law he states does not work; and of course a single instance oversets a sweeping declaration of such a kind.

There can be but little quarrel with what Mr. Kidd says as to the record of the world being a record of ceaseless progress on the one hand, and ceaseless stress and competition on the other; although even here his statement is too broad, and his terms are used carelessly. When he speaks of progress being ceaseless, he evidently means by progress simply change, so that as he uses the word it must be understood to mean progress backward as well as forward. As a matter of fact, in many forms of life and for long ages there is absolutely no progress whatever and no change, the forms remaining practically stationary.

Mr. Kidd further points out that the first necessity for every successful form engaged in this struggle is the capacity for reproduction beyond the limits which the conditions of life comfortably provide for, so that competition and selection must not only always accompany progress, but must prevail in every form of life which is not actually retrograding. As already said, he accepts without reservation the proposition that if all the individuals of every generation in any species were allowed to propagate their kind equally, the average of each generation would tend to fall below the preceding.

From this position he draws as a corollary, that the wider the limits of selection, the keener the rivalry and the more rigid the selection, just so much greater will be the progress; while for any progress at all there must be some rivalry in selection, so that every progressive form must lead a life of continual strain and stress as it travels its upward path. This again is true in a measure, but is not true as broadly as Mr. Kidd has stated it. The rivalry of natural selection is but one of the features in progress. Other things being equal, the species where this rivalry is keenest will make most progess; but then "other things"

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never are equal. In actual life those species make most progress which are farthest removed from the point where the limits of selection are very wide, the selection itself very rigid, and the rivalry very keen. Of course the selection is most rigid where the fecundity of the animal is greatest; but it is precisely the forms which have most fecundity that have made least progress. Some time in the remote past the guinea pig and the dog had a common ancestor. The fecundity of the guinea pig is much greater than that of the dog. Of a given number of guinea pigs born, a much smaller proportion are able to survive in the keen rivalry, so that the limits of selection are wider, and the selection itself more rigid; nevertheless the progress made by the progenitors of the dog since eocene days has been much more marked and rapid than the progress made by the progenitors of the guinea pig in the same time.

Moreover, in speaking of the rise that has come through the stress of competition in our modern societies, and of the keenness of this stress in the societies that have gone fastest, Mr. Kidd overlooks certain very curious features in human society. In the first place he speaks as though the stress under which nations make progress was primarily the stress produced by multiplication beyond the limits of subsistence. This, of course, would mean that in progressive societies the number of births and the number of deaths would both be at a maximum, for it is where the births and deaths are largest that the struggle for life is keenest. If, as Mr. Kidd's hypothesis assumes, progress was most marked where the struggle for life was keenest, the European people standing highest in the scale would be the South Italians, the Polish Jews, and the people who live in the congested districts of Ireland. As a matter of fact, however, these are precisely the people who have made least progress when compared with the dominant strains among, for instance, the English or Germans. So far is Mr. Kidd's proposition from being true that, when studied in the light of the facts, it is difficult to refrain from calling it the reverse of the truth. The race existing under conditions which make the competition for bare existence keenest, never progresses as fast as the race which exists under less stringent conditions. There must undoubtedly be a certain amount of competition, a certain amount of stress and strain, but it is equally undoubted that if this competition be-

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comes too severe the race goes down and not up; and it is further true that the race existing under the severest stress as regards this competition often fails to go ahead as fast even in population as does the race where the competition is less severe. No matter how large the number of births may be, a race cannot increase if the number of deaths also grows at an accelerating rate.

To increase greatly a race must be prolific, and there is no curse so great as the curse of barrenness, whether for a nation or an individual. When a people gets to the position even now occupied by the mass of the French and by sections of the New Englanders, where the death rate surpasses the birth rate, then that race is not only fated to extinction but it deserves extinction. When the capacity and desire for fatherhood and motherhood is lost the race goes down, and should go down; and we need to have the plainest kind of plain speaking addressed to those individuals who fear to bring children into the world. But while this is all true, it remains equally true that immoderate increase in no way furthers the development of a race; and does not always help its increase even in numbers. The English-speaking peoples during the past two centuries and a half have increased faster than any others, yet there have been many other peoples whose birth rate during the same period has stood higher.

Yet, again, Mr. Kidd, in speaking of the stress of the conditions of progress in our modern societies fails to see that most of the stress to which he refers does not have anything to do with increased difficulty in obtaining a living, or with the propagation of the race. The great prizes are battled for among the men who wage no war whatever for mere subsistence, while the fight for mere subsistence is keenest among precisely the classes which contribute very little indeed to the progress of the race. The generals and admirals, the poets, philosophers, historians and musicians, the statesmen and judges, the law-makers and law-givers, the men of arts and of letters, the great captains of war and of industry—all these come from the classes where the struggle for the bare means of subsistence is least severe, and where the rate of increase is relatively smaller than in the classes below. In civilized societies the rivalry of natural selection works against progress. Progress is made in spite of it, for progress results not from the crowding out of the lower classes by the upper, but on the contrary from the steady rise of the

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lower classes to the level of the upper, as the latter tend to vanish, or at most barely hold their own. In progressive societies it is often the least fit who survive; but, on the other hand, they and their children often tend to grow more fit.

The mere statement of these facts is sufficient to show not only how incorrect are many of Mr. Kidd's premises and conclusions, but also how unwarranted are some of the fears which he expressess for the future. It is plain that the societies and sections of societies where the individual happiness is on the whole highest, and where progress is most real and valuable, are precisely these where the grinding competition and the struggle for mere existence is least severe. Undoubtedly in every progressive society there must be a certain sacrifice of individuals, so that there must be a certain proportion of failures in every generation; but the actual facts of life prove beyond shadow of doubt that the extent of this sacrifice has nothing to do with the rapidity or worth of the progress. The nations that make most progress may do so at the expense of ten or fifteen individuals out of a hundred, whereas the nations that make least progress, or even go backwards, may sacrifice almost every man out of the hundred.

This last statement is in itself partly an answer to the position taken by Mr. Kidd, that there is for the individual no "rational sanction" for the conditions of progress. In a progressive community, where the conditions provide for the happiness of four-fifths or nine-tenths of the people there is undoubtedly a rational sanction for progress both for the community at large and for the great bulk of its members; and if these members are on the whole vigorous and intelligent, the attitude of the smaller fraction who have failed will be a matter of little consequence. In such a community the conflict between the interests of the individual and the organism of which he is a part, upon which Mr. Kidd lays so much emphasis, is at a minimum. The stress is severest, the misery and suffering greatest, among precisely the communities which have made least progress—among the Bushmen, Australian black fellows, and root-digger Indians, for instance.

Moreover, Mr. Kidd does not define what he means by "rational sanction." Indeed one of his great troubles throughout is his failure to make proper definitions, and the extreme looseness with which he often uses the definitions he does make.

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Apparently by "rational" he means merely selfish, and proceeds upon the assumption that "reason" must always dictate to every man to do that which will give him the greatest amount of individual gratification at the moment, no matter what the cost may be to others or to the community at large. This is not so. Side by side with the selfish development in life there has been almost from the beginning a certain amount of unselfishness developed too; and in the evolution of humanity the unselfish side has, on the whole, tended steadily to increase at the expense of the selfish, notably in the progressive communities about whose future development Mr. Kidd is so ill at ease. A more supreme instance of unselfishness than is afforded by motherhood cannot be imagined; and when Mr. Kidd implies, as he does very clearly, that there is no rational sanction for the unselfishness of motherhood, for the unselfishness of duty, or loyalty, he merely misuses the word rational. When a creature has reached a certain stage of development it will cause the female more pain to see her offspring starve than to work for it, and she then has a very rational reason for so working. When humanity has reached a certain stage it will cause the individual more pain, a greater sense of degradation and shame and misery, to steal, to murder or to lie, than to work hard and suffer discomfort. When man has reached this stage he has a very rational sanction for being truthful and honest. It might also parenthetically be stated that when he has reached this stage he has a tendency to relieve the sufferings of others, and he has for this course of his the excellent rational sanction that it makes him more uncomfortable to see misery unrelieved than it does to deny himself a little in order to relieve it.

However, we can cordially agree with Mr. Kidd's proposition that many of the social plans advanced by would-be reformers in the interests of oppressed individuals are entirely destructive of all growth and of all progress in society. Certain cults, not only Christian, but also Buddhistic and Brahminic, tend to develop an altruism which is as "supra-natural" as Mr. Kidd seemingly desires religion to be; for it really is without foundation in reason, and therefore to be condemned.

Mr. Kidd repeats again and again that the scientific development of the nineteenth century confronts us with the fact that the interests of the social organism and of the individual are and must remain antagonistic, and the former predominant, and that

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there can never be found any sanction in individual reason for individual good conduct in societies where the conditions of progress prevail. From what has been said above it is evident that this statement is entirely without basis, and therefore that the whole scheme of mystic and highly irrational philosophy which he founds upon it at once falls to the ground. There is no such necessary antagonism as that which he alleges. On the contrary, in the most truly progressive societies, even now, for the great mass of the individuals composing them the interests of the social organism and of the individual are largely identical instead of antagonistic; and even where this is not true, there is a sanction of individual reason, if we use the word *reason* properly, for conduct on the part of the individual which is subordinate to the welfare of the general society.

We can measure the truth of his statements by applying them, not to great societies in the abstract, but to small social organisms in the concrete. Take for instance the life of a regiment or the organization of a police department or fire department. The first duty of a regiment is to fight, and fighting means the death and disabling of a large proportion of the men in the regiment. The case against the identity of interests between the individual and the organism, as put by Mr. Kidd, would be far stronger in a regiment than in any ordinary civilized society of the day. Yet as a matter of fact we know that in the great multitude of regiments there is much more subordination of the individual to the organism than is the case in any civilized state taken as a whole. Moreover, this subordination is greatest in precisely those regiments where the average individual is best off, because it is greatest in those regiments where the individual feels that high, stern pride in his own endurance and suffering, and in the great name of the organism of which he forms a part, that in itself yields one of the loftiest of all human pleasures. If Mr. Kidd means anything when he says that there is no rational sanction for progress he must also mean that there is no rational sanction for a soldier not flinching from the enemy when he can do so unobserved, for a sentinel not leaving his post, for an officer not deserting to the enemy. Yet when he says this he utters what is a mere jugglery on words. In the process of evolution men and societies have often reached such a stage that the best type of soldier or citizen feels infinitely more shame and misery from neglect of

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duty, from cowardice or dishonesty, from selfish abandonment of the interests of the organism of which he is part, than can be offset by the gratification of any of his desires. This, be it also observed, often takes place, entirely independent of any religious considerations. The habit of useful self-sacrifice may be developed by civilization in a great society as well as by military training in a regiment. The habit of useless self-sacrifice may also, unfortunately, be developed; and those who practice it are but one degree less noxious than the individuals who sacrifice good people to bad.

The religious element in our development is that on which Mr. Kidd most strongly dwells, entitling it "the central feature of human history." A very startling feature of his treatment is that in religious matters he seemingly sets no value on the difference between truth and falsehood, for he groups all religions together. In a would-be teacher of ethics such an attitude warrants severe rebuke; for it is essentially dishonest and immoral. Throughout his book he treats all religious beliefs from the same standpoint, as if they were all substantially similar and substantially of the same value; whereas it is, of course, a mere truism to say that most of them are mutually destructive. Not only has he no idea of differentiating the true from the false; but he seems not to understand that the truth of a particular belief is of any moment. Thus he says, in speaking of the future survival of religious beliefs in general, that the most notable result of the scientific revolution begun by Darwin must be "to establish them on a foundation as broad, deep, and lasting as any the theologians ever dreamed of." If this sentence means anything it means that all these religious beliefs will be established on the same foundation. It hardly seems necessary to point out that this cannot be the fact. If the God of the Christians be in very truth the one God, and if the belief in Him be established, as Christians believe it will, then the foundation for the religious belief in Mumbo Jumbo cannot be either broad, deep, or lasting. In the same way the beliefs in Mohammed and Buddha are mutually exclusive, and the various forms of ancestor worship and fetichism cannot all be established on a permanent basis, as they would be according to Mr. Kidd's theory.

Again, when Mr. Kidd rebukes science for its failure to approach religion in a scientific spirit he shows that he fails to

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grasp the full bearing of the subject which he is considering. This failure comes in part from the very large, not to say loose, way in which he uses the words "science" and "religion." There are many sciences and many religions, and there are many different kinds of men who profess the one or advocate the other. Where the intolerant professors of a given religious belief endeavor by any form of persecution to prevent scientific men of any kind from seeking to find out and establish the truth, then it is quite idle to blame these scientific men for attacking with heat and acerbity the religious belief which prompts such persecution. The exigencies of a life and death struggle unfit a man for the coldness of a mere scientific inquiry. Even the most enthusiastic naturalist, if attacked by a man-eating shark, would be much more interested in evading or repelling the attack than in determining the precise specific relations of the shark. A less important but amusing feature of his argument is that he speaks as if he himself had made an entirely new discovery when he learned of the important part played in man's history by his religious beliefs. But Mr. Kidd surely cannot mean this. He must be aware that all the great historians have given their full importance to such religious movements as the birth and growth of Christianity, the Reformation, the growth of Islamism, and the like. Mr. Kidd is quite right in insisting upon the importance of the part played by religious beliefs, but he has fallen into a vast error if he fails to understand that the great majority of the historical and sociological writers have given proper weight to this importance.

Mr. Kidd's greatest failing is his tendency to use words in false senses. He uses "reason" in the false sense "selfish." He then, in a spirit of mental tautology, assumes that reason must be necessarily purely selfish and brutal. He assumes that the man who risks his life to save a friend, the woman who watches over a sick child, and the soldier who dies at his post, are unreasonable, and that the more their reason is developed the less likely they will be to act in these ways. The mere statement of the assertion in such a form is sufficient to show its nonsense to any one who will take the pains to think whether the people who ordinarily perform such feats of self-sacrifice and self-denial are people of brutish minds or of fair intelligence.

If none of the ethical qualities are developed at the same time

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with a man's reason, then he may become a peculiarly noxious kind of wild beast; but this is not in the least a necessity of the development of his reason. It would be just as wise to say that it was a necessity of the development of his bodily strength. Undoubtedly the man with reason who is selfish and unscrupulous will, because of his added power, behave even worse than the man without reason who is selfish and unscrupulous; but the same is true of the man of vast bodily strength. He has power to do greater harm to himself and to others; but, because of this, to speak of bodily strength or of reason as in itself "profoundly anti-social and anti-revolutionary" is foolishness. Mr. Kidd, as so often, is misled by a confusion of names, for which he is himself responsible. The growth of rationalism, unaccompanied by any growth in ethics or morality, works badly. The society in which such a growth takes place will die out; and ought to die out. But this does not imply that other communities quite as intelligent may not also be deeply moral and be able to take firm root in the world.

Mr. Kidd's definitions of "supra-natural" and "ultra-rational" sanctions, the definitions upon which he insists so strongly and at such length, would apply quite as well to every crazy superstition of the most brutal savage as to the teachings of the New Testament. The trouble with his argument is that, when he insists upon the importance of this ultra-rational sanction, defining it as loosely as he does, he insists upon too much. He apparently denies that men can come to a certain state at which it will be rational for them to do right even to their own hurt. It is perfectly possible to build up a civilization which, by its surroundings and by its inheritances, working through long ages, shall make the bulk of the men and women develop such characteristics of unselfishness, as well as of wisdom, that it will be the rational thing for them as individuals to act in accordance with the highest dictates of honor and courage and morality. If the intellectual development of such a civilized community goes on at an equal pace with the ethical, it will persistently war against the individuals in whom the spirit of selfishness, which apparently Mr. Kidd considers the only rational spirit, shows itself strongly. They will weed out these individuals and forbid them propagating, and therefore will steadily tend to produce a society in which the rational sanction for progress shall be identical in

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the individual and the State. This ideal has never yet been reached, but there have been long steps taken towards reaching it; and in most progressive civilizations it is reached to the extent that the sanction for progress is the same not only for the State but for each one of the bulk of the individuals composing it. When this ceases to be the case progress itself will generally cease and the community ultimately disappear.

Mr. Kidd, having treated of religion in a preliminary way, and with much mystic vagueness, then attempts to describe the functions of religious belief in the evolution of society. He has already given definitions of religion quoted from different authors, and he now proceeds to give his own definition. But first he again insists upon his favorite theory, that there can be no rational basis for individual good conduct in society, using the word rational, according to his usual habit, as a synonym of selfish; and then asserts that there can be no such thing as a rational religion. Apparently all that Mr. Kidd demands on this point is that it shall be what he calls ultra-rational, a word which he prefers to irrational. In other words he casts aside as irrelevant all discussion as to a creed's truth.

Mr. Kidd then defines religion as being "a form of belief providing an ultra-rational sanction for that large class of conduct in the individual where his interests and the interests of the social organism are antagonistic, and by which the former are rendered subordinate to the latter in the general interest of the evolution which the race is undergoing," and says that we have here the principle at the base of all religions. Of course this is simply not true. All those religions which busy themselves exclusively with the future life, and which even Mr. Kidd could hardly deny to be religious, do not have this principle at their basis at all. They have nothing to do with the general interests of the evolution which the race is undergoing on this earth. They have to do only with the soul of the individual in the future life. They are not concerned with this world, they are concerned with the world to come. All religions, and all forms of religions, in which the principle of asceticism receives any marked development are positively antagonistic to the development of the social organism. They are against its interests. They do not tend in the least to subordinate the interests of the individual to the interests of the organism in the

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general interests of the evolution which the race is undergoing. A religion like that of the Shakers means the almost immediate extinction of the organism in which it develops. Such a religion distinctly subordinates the interests of the organism to the interests of the individual. The same is equally true of many of the more ascetic developments of Christianity and Islamism. There is strong probability that there was a Celtic population in Iceland before the arrival of the Norsemen, but these Celts belonged to the Culdee sect of Christians. They were anchorites, and professed a creed which completely subordinated the development of the race on this earth to the well-being of the individual in the next. In consequence they died out and left no successors. There are creeds, such as most of the present day creeds of Christianity, both Protestant and Catholic, which do very noble work for the race because they teach its individuals to subordinate their own interests to the interests of mankind; but it is idle to say this of every form of religious belief.

It is equally idle to pretend that this principle which Mr. Kidd says lies at the base of all religions does not also lie at the base of many forms of ethical belief which could hardly be called religious. His definition of religion could just as appropriately be used to define some forms of altruism or humanitarianism, while it does not define religion at all, if we use the word religion in the way in which it generally is used. If Mr. Kidd should write a book about horses, and should define a horse as a striped equine animal found wild in South Africa, his definition would apply to certain members of the horse family, but would not apply to that animal which we ordinarily mean when we talk of a horse; and, moreover, it would still be sufficiently loose to include two or three entirely different species. This is precisely the trouble with Mr. Kidd's definition of religion. It does not define religion at all as the word is ordinarily used, and while it does apply to certain religious beliefs, it also applies quite as well to certain non-religious beliefs. We must, therefore, recollect that throughout Mr. Kidd's argument on behalf of the part that religion plays he does not mean what is generally understood by religion, but the special form or forms which he here defines.

Undoubtedly in the race for life that group of beings will tend ultimately to survive in which the general feeling of the

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members, whether due to humanitarianism, to altruism, or to some form of religious belief proper, is such that the average individual has an unselfish—what Mr. Kidd would call an ultra rational—tendency to work for the ultimate benefit of the community as a whole. Mr. Kidd's argument is so loose that it may be construed as meaning that, in the evolution of society, irrational superstitions grow up from time to time, affect large bodies of the human race in their course of development and then die away, and that this succession of evanescent religious beliefs will continue for a very long time to come, perhaps as long as the human race exists. He may further mean that, except for this belief in a long succession of lies, humanity could not go forward. His words, I repeat, are sufficiently involved to make it possible that he means this, but, if so, his book can hardly be taken as a satisfactory defense of religion.

If there is justification for any given religion and justification for the acceptance of supernatural authority as regards this religion, then there can be no justification for the acceptance of all religions, good and bad alike. There can, at the outside, be a justification for but one or two. Mr. Kidd's grouping of all religions together is offensive to every earnest believer. Moreover, in his anxiety to insist only on the irrational side of religion, he naturally tends to exalt precisely those forms of superstition which are most repugnant to reasoning beings with moral instincts, and which are most heartily condemned by believers in the loftiest religions. He apparently condemns Lecky for what Lecky says of that species of unpleasant and noxious anchorite best typified by St. Simeon Stylites and the other pillar hermits. He corrects Lecky for his estimate of this ideal of the fourth century, and says that instead of being condemned it should be praised, as affording striking evidence and example of the vigor of the immature social forces at work. This is not true. The type of anchorite of which Mr. Lecky speaks with such just condemnation flourished most rankly in Christian Africa and Asia Minor, the very countries where Christianity was so speedily overthrown by Islamism. It was not an example of the vigor of the immature social forces at work; on the contrary, it was a proof that those social forces were rotten and had lost their vigor. Where an anchorite of the type Lecky describes, and Mr. Kidd impliedly commends, was accepted as the true type of the church, and set

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the tone for religious thought, the church was corrupt, and was unable to make any effective defense against the scarcely baser form of superstition which received its development in Islamism. As a matter of fact, asceticism of this kind had very little in common with the really vigorous and growing part of European Christianity, even at that time. Such asceticism is far more closely related to the practices of some loathsome Mohammedan dervish than to any creed which has properly developed from the pure and lofty teachings of the Four Gospels. St. Simeon Stylites is more nearly kin to a Hindoo fakir than to Phillips Brooks or Archbishop Ireland.

Mr. Kidd deserves praise for insisting as he does upon the great importance of the development of humanitarian feelings and of the ethical element in humanity during the past few centuries, when compared with the mere material development. He is, of course, entirely right in laying the utmost stress upon the enormous part taken by Christianity in the growth of Western civilization. He would do well to remember, however, that there are other elements than that of merely ceremonial Christianity at work, and that such ceremonial Christianity in other races produces quite different results, as he will see at a glance, if he will recall that Abyssinia and Hayti are Christian countries.

In short, whatever Mr. Kidd says in reference to religion must be understood as being strictly limited by his own improper terminology. If we should accept the words religion and religious belief in their ordinary meaning, and should then accept as true what he states, we should apparently have to conclude that progress depended largely upon the fervor of the religious spirit, without regard to whether the religion itself was false or true. If such were the fact, progress would be most rapid in a country like Morocco, where the religious spirit is very strong indeed, far stronger than in any enlightened Christian country, but where, in reality, the religious development has largely crushed out the ethical and moral development, so that the country has gone steadily backward. A little philosophic study would convince Mr. Kidd that while the ethical and moral development of a nation may, in the case of certain religions, be based on those religions and develop with them and on the lines laid down by them, yet that in other countries where they develop at all they have to develop right in the teeth of the dominant religious beliefs,

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while in yet others they may develop entirely independent of them. If he doubts this let him examine the condition of the Soudan under the Mahdi, where what he calls the ultra-rational and supra-natural sanctions were accepted without question, and governed the lives of the people to the exclusion alike of reason and morality. He will hardly assert that the Soudan is more progressive than say Scotland or Minnesota, where there is less of the spirit which he calls religious and which old-fashioned folk would call superstitious.

Mr. Kidd's position in reference to the central feature of his argument is radically false; but he handles some of his other themes very well. He shows clearly in his excellent chapter on modern socialism that a state of retrogression must ensue if all incentives to strife and competition are withdrawn. He does not show quite as clearly as he should that over-competition and too severe stress make the race deteriorate instead of improving; but he does show that there must be some competition, that there must be some strife. He makes it clear also that the true function of the State, as it interferes in social life, should be to make the chances of competition more even, not to abolish them. We wish the best men; and though we pity the man that falls or lags behind in the race, we do not on that account crown him with the victor's wreath. We insist that the race shall be run on fairer terms than before, because we remove all handicaps. We thus tend to make it more than ever a test of the real merits of the victor, and this means that the victor must strive heart and soul for success. Mr. Kidd's attitude in describing socialism is excellent. He sympathizes with the wrongs which the socialistic reformer seeks to redress, but he insists that these wrongs must not be redressed, as the socialists would have them, at the cost of the welfare of mankind.

Mr. Kidd also sees that the movement for political equality has nearly come to an end, for its purpose has been nearly achieved. To it must now succeed a movement to bring all people into the rivalry of life on equal conditions of social opportunities. This is a very important point, and he deserves the utmost credit for bringing it out. It is the great central feature in the development of our time, and Mr. Kidd has seen it so clearly and presented it so forcibly that we cannot but regret that he should be so befogged in other portions of his argument.

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Mr. Kidd has our cordial sympathy when he lays stress on the fact that our evolution cannot be called primarily intellectual. Of course there must be an intellectual evolution, too, and Mr. Kidd perhaps fails in not making this sufficiently plain. A perfectly stupid race can never rise to a very high plane; the negro, for instance, has been kept down as much by lack of intellectual development as by anything else; but the prime factor in the preservation of a race is its power to attain a high degree of social efficiency. Love of order, ability to fight well and breed well, capacity to subordinate the interests of the individual to the interests of the community, these and similar rather humdrum qualities go to make up the sum of social efficiency. The race that has them is sure to overturn the race whose members have brilliant intellects, but who are cold and selfish and timid, who do not breed well or fight well, and who are not capable of disinterested love of the community. In other words, character is far more important than intellect to the race as to the individual. We need intellect, and there is no reason why we should not have it together with character; but if we must choose between the two we choose character without a moment's hesitation.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

III.—THE DECAY OF LITERARY TASTE.

BY EDMUND GOSSE.

TO WRITE about the "decay" of a quality should presuppose that the writer is convinced of its decadence, and I suppose that when the editor of this REVIEW asked me to diagnose this disease he did not for a moment expect me to pronounce the patient in excellent health. But the fact is (or so it seems to me) that a man must in these complex days of ours be very rash who pronounces broadly about the conditions of his age. There is no general trend upwards or downwards, but a vast spreading out laterally in all directions, with here a rise and there a fall in the swelling surface. I am not Mrs. Lynn Linton, to scatter ashes on my head, and cry "Woe, woe!" It would always be easier to me, as well as much pleasanter, to dwell on what is hopeful and delightful in the attitude of the public towards literature. One may, however, be on the whole an optimist, and yet not entirely

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pleased with every phase of what is going on around us. Little inclined as I am to grumble or to scold, I cannot think all the phenomena of public appreciation favorable to the best literature, or leading in a wholesome direction. My allotted task, then, shall be fulfilled by some brief indication of what appear to me to be growing dangers, indications, so far as they go, of decadence.

The greatest of these dangers, and the one with which it seems most difficult to deal, is that which I have just indicated, namely, the vast area now covered by a sort of literary appreciation. Want of all intellectual relish, which we have been taught to regard as disastrous, does not seem to be nearly so baneful in its results as what is called "a spread of intellectual interest." I never sympathized with Mr. Matthew Arnold in his lamentation over the barbarous indifference of our upper classes to the claims of literature. It has been ludicrous, of course, and in certain sections complete. That indifference has been irritating in individual cases; it justly incensed Mr. Arnold to meet a county magnate who had never heard of Heine. But it was, at least, a sterile barbarism; it did not propagate intellectual conceit. It was like George I., it hated "boetry and bainting," but by its side painting and poetry could flourish in their appointed places. Better to my mind, King Log, who knows nothing and does not want to know anything, than King Stork, who has ideas of his own, and wants to interfere with every council of the frogs.

The late Master of Trinity was asked by a lady whether a certain florid divine had not "a great deal of taste." "Yes, indeed, Madam," he replied, "and all of it so bad." At the present day the general public has a great deal of taste, and it requires a critic to be a thorough-going truckler to democracy to say that he thinks all of it very good. In former days, whether taste was good or bad, and of course in many cases it was execrably bad, the exercise of it was concentrated in a narrow circle. In the age of Shakespeare, a little knot of Italianated nobles in London regulated taste without the slightest reference to the excellent and God-fearing multitudes spread from Berwick to Penzance. Had there been university extension in the days of Elizabeth, and Grindelwald conferences, and popular educational newspapers, and "literary" sermons from a thousand Dissenting pulpits, there would have been produced no impious comedies and no incestuous tragedies. The tone of Jacobean drama would have been ex-

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tremely proper, but would there have been an "Othello" or a "Hamlet?" We may doubt it.

The distribution of literary knowledge, although we may well question the depth and soundness of it, cannot in itself be regarded as anything but a social benefit to the race. We dare not resist the appeal of those who wish to learn. Where the danger comes in is where the half-taught turn round and proclaim themselves teachers. The tendency of "the man in the street" to pronounce opinions on questions of literary appreciation—that is the phenomenon which fills me with alarm. An agricultural laborer is as well qualified to criticise the rigging of a ship, or a coal-heaver to review the conduct of a pack of fox-hounds, as the ordinary person, untrained in the history and technique of literature, is to decide whether a book is good or bad. Not to admit this is simply to bow the knee to the individual voter. The untrained reader can tell, of course, whether the book is agreeable to himself or not. He should presume no further; he has no authority, on the mere score of being a reader of that particular work, to set himself up as a censor of taste.

We are still behind the United States, however, in this respect. There has never, to my knowledge, been displayed on this side of the Atlantic such flagrant evidence of anarchy in literary taste as, for instance, was discovered by the *New York Herald* when it opened its columns to fugitive correspondence with regard to the *Lourdes* of M. Zola. I doubt not that we possess, in England, persons quite as devoid of the power to judge a literary product and quite as ready to oblige the world with their views, as those wonders of ignorant assurance who wrote to the *Herald*. But, at present, our editors throw their letters into the waste-paper basket. Yet every year, in this country, the weight of professional opinion seems to grow less, the standards of tradition and reason are more frivolously disregarded. There is more and more "taste" among us, but the greater part of it is bad, because it is based on no recognition of the principles of composition, and no respect for the traditions of harmony and beauty.

It is not to be questioned that the immense public which is becoming accustomed to regard itself as the patron of literature, demands from the producer several things which it is highly desirable that he should not supply. If, against his better judg-

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ment, he does supply them, a decay of taste is inevitable. We are fond of congratulating ourselves on the abolition of the personal patron. It is true that he had his disadvantages. Dr. Johnson found him a native of the rocks. Through obsequious regard for him, a poem by Dr. Young was "addressed to the Deity and humbly inscribed to His Grace, the Duke of Newcastle." But, at all events, there were many patrons in those early days, and the independent bard could pass from one to another. Nowadays, there is only one patron—a world of patrons rolled into one—the vast, coarse, insatiable public; and if an author, from conscientiousness or fastidiousness, does not choose to consider the foibles of this patron, there is no other door for him to knock at.

One thing for which this great, outer public has no sort of appetite is delicacy of workmanship, attention to form, what we call pre-occupation with style. The only hope for literature is that in spite of the indifference to, nay, the positive dislike of careful writing on the part of the public, those who write, being themselves artists or artizans, shall continue to give to their production this technical finish which alone invests it with dignity and value. It is only fair to say that in our own age there has been no lack of those who have honorably and unselfishly turned out work, not slovenly finished, as the public preferred, but fashioned and polished in accordance with the laws and traditions of the art. But I am bound to confess that I see, and I deeply deplore, a relaxation of this noble zeal in some of our youngest fellow-craftsmen. I fear that something of the laxity of public taste has invaded their private workshops, and that they are apt to say to themselves that second-rate writing is "good enough" for the publishers. Whenever I see it boldly put forth that "the matter" is everything and the "manner" nothing, that to write with care is an "affectation" or an "artifice," that style may take care of itself, and that "an unchartered freedom" is the best badge of a writer, there seems to rise before me the lean and hungry scholar, scraping and cringing before the great vulgar patron with "What you wish, my lord! I don't presume to decide." And from this sort of obsequiousness to public "taste" no return to self-respect is possible.

Against any general tendency to obliterate the forms of literature the cultivation of verse is probably the most effective safe-

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guard. It is the poets who save the language from decay, and who keep high the standard of literary excellence. My eminent friend, the Master of the Temple, is forever denouncing the art of modern verse, and discouraging its practice. "Confectionery," he calls it, and a hundred newspapers applaud the infelicity. I grieve when I hear men of the accomplishment and knowlege of Dr. Ainger speaking with this harshness of what is called "minor poetry." These distinctions of "minor" and "major" are very arbitrary and invidious. We do not talk of "minor prose writers," and yet the average of prose authorship is more contemptible than the average of verse. Inept and imitative poetry is, of course, a very ridiculous product, but it is no worse than vulgar, slipshod prose, and there is always the effort behind it to construct, to select, to preserve the noble forms of traditional writing, an effort which starts it from a distinctly higher standpoint. And the verse of a far better class, the poetry that is accomplished and refined without being positively epoch-making—such verse, I make bold to say, is the very salt which keeps the mass of our common style from decay. The bad prose-writer is content to stammer forth his sentences in obedience to no tradition whatever; the bad poet is always conscious of the great masters in the background.

The immense breadth of the area over which a sort of literary taste is nowadays exercised has the very unfortunate effect of flattening out the public impression of merit. In the hurry and the superfluity of book-production, indifferent authors get praised too much and excellent authors get appreciated too little. The "opinions of the press," which fill the advertising columns of our literary papers, would move Alceste himself to mirth and Célimène to blushes. Not a handbook to the classics is compiled but somebody is found to pronounce it "far more comprehensive than any that has yet been given to the world;" not a sketch in comic fiction but is "a definite contribution to English literature;" not a sickly collection of unconnected essays but "scintillate with genius of the first water." In the decay of taste everything seems a masterpiece for a moment, except a work of genuine and independent talent. But the books so hastily praised are not less hastily forgotten, and immortals cross the field and disappear for ever as continuously as figures cross the disk of the magic lantern.

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There seems to be an increasing tendency to swamp what is really distinguished in the flood of universal good nature. If we call Miss Blank's foolish little novel a masterpiece, and discover the results of long experience and profound research in Mr. Swish's vamped-up edition of *Cornelius Nepos*, what epithets have we left for Porson and Thackeray? The effect of squandering superlatives is to lose all power of making a just comparison. If Primrose Hill is a mountain of magnificent altitude, what is Monte Rosa? It is another mountain of magnificent altitude, and, so far as language can do it, our idea of Monte Rosa is reduced to our recollection of Primrose Hill. After all, to us as to Caliban, words mean ideas, and if we are always misapplying our words we cannot but be befogging and distorting our ideas. By dint of praising a thousand things equally, and giving real attention to none, we gain of things good and bad but the impression of a moment. Literature of every quality is made to gallop in front of us, and all we see is the waving of a cloak or the gleam of a spur. The cavalcade passes, and we reflect on what we have seen, but we find we have retained no definite recollections. The figures all looked alike.

It will be a disastrous thing for literature if the ideal of good work comes to be confined to the production of a momentary impression. Is the author, like the actor and the singer, to be content for the future with a fugitive notoriety? Is his to be an apparition lost for ever, directly the curtain falls and the lights go out? Hitherto it has been the hope which has sustained him that he might not wholly die, that if he was so lucky as to deserve it, the rare boon of immortality was not to be denied him. But now, so rapid is the passage of the phantasmagoria, so swift and so complete the ingratitude of the public, that the memory of a Walter Pater or a Théodore de Banville can scarcely hope to outlive that of a favorite ballet-girl. And this is the more hard, because the ballet-girl had infinitely the better time of it so long as her popularity lasted.

A very singular change in this respect has come over popular taste in England during the last two or three years. It is worthy of some attention, since its results may be of far-reaching importance. The complaint has, till lately, been that the distinctions and successes of literature were all in the hands of a limited number of persons of advanced reputation. It was said that

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there were young men knocking at the door, and that no one would open to them. But the death of Rossetti, Matthew Arnold, Browning, Tennyson, and of a dozen men only less influential than these, has completely changed the face of current literary history. Of the old dominant race only one survives, Mr. Ruskin, who, in the dignity of his retirement in the Lakes, sits as the unquestioned monarch of our realm of living letters. But all the rest are gone, the door has been flung open, and the young men and women (especially the young women) are rushing in in crowds.

It used to be said, and this but a very few years ago, that a young writer could not expect to win general recognition in England until he was approaching forty. It used to be a matter of jest what white beards our "promising young poets" had. Now, there has come a violent crisis, and the middle-aged writers will have to dye their hair, as we are told that shopmen and omnibus-conductors have to do, before they can hope for employment. A change was inevitable, and indeed much to be desired. We were developing a gerontocracy, a tyranny by old men, which was becoming intolerable. But the revolution has set in with amazing violence, and has presented, as it seems to me, some grotesque features. It used to be the question, "What has he (or she) already published?" Now, the best possible recommendation is to have printed nothing, and veterans approach the publishers' offices by night, in a disguise, offering a manuscript under a false name, with an assurance that it is their first effort at composition.

The public asks for "new writers," every day a batch of brand-new authors, male and female. A book can hardly fail to be accepted, if a pledge is given that it is by "a new writer." Before the volumes are published we are treated to paragraphs about the author, "whose first work will appear in a few days, and is expected to create a sensation." It appears, and it does create a sensation, and the very next day another "first work by a new writer" creates a still louder sensation. The town is thronged by these celebrities of a moment, their portraits appear in journals especially devoted to "the new authorship," their biographies are published (their biographies, poor callow creatures!) and they are eminent for the greater portion of a week. Then the tide of their successors sweeps them on. They think

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to return, with a second book, but that is no part of the public's scheme of pleasure. The first book was received with extravagant laudation, a false enthusiasm, a complete indulgence to its faults. A second book by the same hand, put forth in an innocent certitude of triumph, is received with contempt and inattention, its oddities ridiculed, its errors sharply criticised. The public does not want a second book; it wants to be gorged with a full incessant supply of "guaranteed first works by absolutely new writers." This craze will pass, of course, but it is a proof, while it lasts, of a very sickly condition of taste.

The books of which I have been speaking, these virgin-blossoms of the bowers of Paternoster Row, are mainly novels. It is surely a matter for very grave consideration whether the extraordinary domination of the novel to-day is a healthy sign. There has never been seen anything like it before in the whole course of our history. Fiction has long taken a prominent place in the book-sales of the country; romances have long formed the staple of the book shops. But never before has the rage for stories stifled all other sorts and conditions of literature as it is doing now. Things have come to a pretty pass when the combined prestige of the best poets, historians, critics and philosophers of the country does not weigh in the balance against a single novel by the New Woman. Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. Leslie Stephen and Professor Huxley—their combined "sales" might be dropped into the ocean of "The Heavenly Twins" and scarcely cause a splash in that enormous flood. Such successes as we read of in the history of literature—the successes of Gibbon and of Macaulay, of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," and of Ruskin's "Modern Painters,"—would be impossible nowadays. The public taste has all gone mad for story books, and nothing but fiction has a chance of real popularity. It seemed to me that the cheerful arrogance of the successful novelist had reached its climax the other day when, at the Banquet of the Society of Authors—with one of the most eminent critics of the age in the chair, and with poets, historians, essayists, divines sitting at the tables—Dr. Conan Doyle (selected to give thanks for literature) described fiction as Cinderella and the other branches of letters as her decayed and spiteful sisters. That the author of "Sherlock Holmes" should enjoy the exclusive attentions of that fairy prince, the Public, is natural enough, but what an occasion for a shout of triumph!

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We can hardly be wrong, I think, in detecting in the features of public taste to which I have drawn attention, symptoms of an increasing tendency to nervous malady, and the withdrawal of self-restraint. Without going to the extravagant lengths of Dr. Max Nordau, we may acknowledge that the intellectual signs of the times point to a sort of rising neurosis. This inability to fix the attention on any serious subject of thought, this incessant demand to be "told a story," this craving for new purveyors of amusement, this impatience of the very presence of the old, what are they but indications of ill-health? The time has passed when the people were content to sit in the shade of the fresh laurel tree, and to celebrate the immortal gods with cheerfulness. The direct and simple pleasures of literature, of the sane literary tradition, seem to have lost their charm, and unless there is a spice of disease and hysteria about a book the multitude of readers finds it insipid.

An intelligent foreigner, I suppose, visiting our country in this year of grace, would be more struck with the ebullition of chatter about the New Woman than with anything else. As I write, I find that astute and accomplished lady, Madame Arvède Barine, describing to her fellow Parisians what she saw and read in London in the summer of 1894. She is no prude, she is no satirist, she has been a deep and sympathetic observer of men and books in many countries, and this is how she sums up her description of the latest batch of English novels by women.

"I cannot say to what a degree all this recent literature of the English novel seems to me to be indecent and immoral. It is a very grave symptom, in a nation so jealous of appearances as the English, that women and girls of repute should be able to write such things without exciting censure. The novels on the Woman Question (*les romans féministes*) are devoured by hundreds of thousands of readers, even when, as is usually the case, they have no literary value, no merit of thought or of style. The public does not ask that they should be works of art. It takes them for what they are, polemical treatises and instruments of propaganda, and what it is interested in is the thesis and not the form. England may say what she likes, she has not escaped from the decomposition of ideas which is the disgrace of the close of our century, and it is high time that she should say no more about French immorality. Our novels may be the more crude, but hers are the more unwholesome, and she has no longer the right to look down upon us with an air of scandalized virtue."

Such words, written not by a jealous middle-aged Englishman, but by a brilliant Frenchwoman, full of modern ideas, and greatly interested in our institutions, may well make us pause. But even

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here, to my mind, Mme. Barine is unduly alarmed. I cannot consider the error to be one of morals so much as of taste, and I therefore hold it proper to the subject of this paper. We do not, —we conservative lovers of what is harmonious and decent, supported on this occasion so bravely by Madame Barine,—we do not object to the intentions of these revolting women, with their dreams of woman emancipated, man subdued, and all the rest of the nonsense. We judge them to be honest enough, in their hysterical desire to whack the heads of all decent persons with the ferules of their umbrellas. But what we do take the liberty of saying is that their writings are tiresome and ugly, that they give us the discomfort which we feel in the presence of loud ill-bred people, and that, in short, they err grievously against taste. But what is the use of saying that, when a public as hysterical and vulgar as themselves buys their silly books in thousands and tens of thousands? There is nothing to be done but to sit with folded hands, and to read the *Pensées* of Pascal until the scourge be overpast.

It will pass over, and that soon. The world is on the very point of saying to the New Woman, "Hie thee to a nunnery!" and then Nora Helmer will come quietly back to eat macaroons again and be a squirrel. But some fresh folly will seize the vast and Tartar horde of readers that now devastate the plains of literature, and in their numbers, we may be quite sure, there will not be strength. So we come back again to our old complaint, the hopeless complaint of the breadth of the world to which an author nowadays has to appeal. Well might Keats deem the poet fortunate who could "make great music to a little clan." It is not the absence of literary taste which alarms us for the future. It is not that the public has no taste. What distresses us is that it has so much, and most of it so indifferent.

EDMUND GOSSE.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

NEW LIGHT ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

THE recent publication of the Kenyon Manuscripts serves to recall the fact that the Historical Manuscripts Commission has now been at work for twenty-five years. Between forty and fifty volumes have been issued. More are to come, and when the great work undertaken at the expense of the English Government is completed, it will form what may not inaptly be described as a history of England in the rough.

There is hardly a family of any standing in England possessing even a handful of deeds and papers, which has not opened its chests and its muniment rooms to the Commission. Some great families have not only done this, but have permitted the representatives of the Commission to ransack their homes from cellar to garret in search of papers, believed by historical experts to be in their possession, but not found in the usual places of custody for such documents. The old municipal corporations have acted in the same spirit. Scores of these old boroughs have dropped out of sight since the Reform Act of 1832 took away their political importance by depriving them of their representatives in the House of Commons. But all of them have their places in English history, and the overhauling of their archives will enable historians to estimate the importance of each in national life and development.

A large number of the manuscripts go back to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. As a whole, they become of increasing fullness and of more vivid interest as they deal with the centuries nearer our own time. No phase of English life is untouched. It is difficult to say which are of more interest and value to historical students, the manuscripts which have been contained in the muniment rooms of the great governing families, and of the House of Lords; or the records of the old municipal corporations. Both classes are rich almost beyond description in material illustrating imperial as well as national development.

The papers from the great families throw most light on national and imperial affairs, on the beginnings and developments of England as a colonial power, and also on religious, judicial, educational and social concerns at home. On the other hand, the thousands of documents from the archives of the old corporations, while valuable in corroborating the other manuscripts on some of the points named, throw most light on the development of municipal institutions and industrial life. They enable one to measure with some accuracy, from first hand sources, the extent to which mediæval municipal institutions were developed. In going over these corporation records one is most impressed with the fact that there is little new in the more recent de-

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velopments of municipal activity. In the sixteenth century some of the municipalities owned the public water supplies, others in their corporate capacity bought provisions and fuel for the people within their municipal limits; and many of the old municipalities possessed institutions which would nowadays be regarded as socialistic. In those early days, also, there was as much care for the purity of the rivers, for the cleanliness of the streets, for correct weights and measures, and for good order, as there is at the present time in the most progressive of the English municipalities.

Many of the problems with which the mediæval corporations were perplexed are still confronting the English people, only nowadays these problems are dealt with by Parliament, and not by the municipalities. In the periods covered by these old records, each municipality was largely self-contained. Its common council, meeting at the guildhall and guarding its privileges with the greatest care, passed what local laws it pleased, and there was no overriding them, unless they happened to conflict with the general law. Prominent among the open questions of to-day which were open questions three centuries ago, are those of regulating the sale of intoxicating drink and of taking care of the poor. These it would seem from the old manuscripts unearthed by the Commission have long been open questions.

Another such question is the payment of Members of the House of Commons. In the seventeenth century that question was settled by the gradual establishment of the present system under which Members of Parliament served without pay. For two or three generations there was no fixed rule. Some of the old corporations paid their members daily wages. Others in the early years of the seventeenth century demanded from their representatives undertakings to serve for nothing; and all through this transitional stage preference was given to the candidates who would serve without pay. It was the lawyers who first broke through the system of taking daily wages from the boroughs. Some of the lawyers were so eager for membership in the House that in addition to serving for nothing they undertook to discharge the legal business of the municipality on the same easy terms.

The manuscripts make it plain that some corrections will have to be made even in standard constitutional histories. One or two such alterations will have to be made in Hallam. He fixes the middle of the eighteenth century as the time when Parliamentary boroughs were first for sale. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letters show that the sale of boroughs was not uncommon in the opening years of that century, and the papers published by the Historical Manuscripts Commission corroborate Lady Mary's statement, if they do not actually afford material for placing the date much earlier. There were many boroughs which were admittedly decayed in Queen Elizabeth's time. As early as 1579, the Government announced that it shortly intended to carry a measure for the reform of the existing system of parliamentary representation and to sweep many of these boroughs away. Nothing, however, was accomplished. The boroughs grew worse in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, especially in the middle years of the eighteenth century, and no reform was brought about until 1832.

For students of the period of the settlement of America and of that of the War of the Revolution, the manuscripts are full of first-hand matter, most of which is new. The Abergavenny MSS., and other papers covering the same period, taken in conjunction with Donne's Letters of North and the Walpole Correspondence, furnish full and excellent materials for a

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study of the England against which America revolted, and of the methods which George III. used in the management of the House of Commons.

These papers are perhaps of special importance at this juncture in United States history. They show that the systems of political corruption and political management, "bossism" in politics, to use current political slang, was not invented in this country. George III. was as keen and as active a political boss as any American politician. He had henchmen at his side like the notorious John Robinson; interested financiers, who for a consideration, political and pecuniary, loaned him money to corrupt and buy the constituencies. Offices, great and small, were given solely as rewards for political services; men were broken and turned out of the army and the civil service solely on account of their votes in and out of Parliament. A subsidized daily press upheld the policy of the king, and maligned the characters of men who dared oppose him.

The Dundas letters in the Portland Collection will interest students of the period of the Revolution by reason of the light they throw upon some of the indirect inconveniences and losses resulting to England from the successful revolt of the American Colonies. Before the war, English convicts were sent in large numbers to this country. After the Revolution, the King and the Government were at their wits' end what to do with them. The hulks had been tried during the war, but that plan had failed. At first it was proposed the convicts should be sent to Scotland to dig canals. But Dundas, who for more than thirty years was the supreme political manager of Scotland in the Albany or New York sense of the word, was altogether opposed to a scheme of this kind, and finally it was decided to send the convicts to Botany Bay. Some of the convicts refused to go. They preferred the journey in the cart from Newgate to Tyburn, to a journey to a country so remote and unknown; and King George's patience was severely tried for an entire week by three men sentenced to be hanged, who refused pardons conditional upon their transportation to the Southern Hemisphere.

The romance attending many of the discoveries of the Historical Manuscripts Commission adds to the interest of the long series of publications. Prior to the establishment of the State Paper Office in 1578, now known as the Record Office, Secretaries of State and other high officials on going out of office carried their papers with them. Many of these have been re-col lected by the Commission. Some of the most remarkable and valuable finds have been made in the most out of the way places. The great bulk of the Rutland papers was discovered in a loft over a stable at Belvoir, after a disappointing search in the mansion. Other equally valuable historical treasures have been found in dove cotes, and among the beams and rafters of baronial halls, and of the guildhalls of the old municipalities.

EDWARD PORRITT.

INDUSTRIAL FUTURE OF THE SOUTH.

SOON after the close of the Civil War one of the Southern leaders said to ex-Governor Seymour, of New York: "The North would never have beaten us if it had not been for our rivers. They ran from the North into the heart of our country; and we could not get away from you."

The converse of this is also true. The rivers of the South are an advantage in time of peace. They give access to all parts, except the mountains,

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without the expensive canals of the Northern States and Canada. A slight assistance to nature, the dredging of the Mussel shoals of the Tennessee, allows large steamers to reach Chattanooga and permanent dykes along the Mississippi would double the carrying trade of that river also. To reach the mountains the South should now develop a railway service as branches of trunk lines yet to be built. New roads are needed to bring the wealth of the forest and the mine more directly to the seaboard. The chief of these might be a direct line from Nashville to Charleston.

Western Virginia, eastern Tennessee, and central Kentucky are rich in limestones. The valleys have fields of alluvium, and the crystalline rocks give strong clay soils on the mountains. The variety of soils, together with a mild climate, has always adapted the South to agriculture. The need of fertilizers caused the late Justice Lamar to say that the agricultural future of the South depends upon the rotation of crops, in which North Carolina has already set an example. Should the rich phosphate rock of South Carolina be exhausted, similar deposits can be used along the coast from North Carolina to Florida; and also in Alabama and Mississippi. The value of the deposit annually mined in South Carolina is nearly $3,000,000. Gypsum, superior to the best from Nova Scotia, is found in Washington County, Virginia, in seams 600 feet thick. This is only partially developed. With little attention paid to rotation or fertilizers, Texas now returns 10 per cent. more income to its farmers than either Ohio, Indiana, or Illinois. In Mississippi and South Carolina 80 per cent. of the men are agriculturists. More enterprising methods of farming ought to bring larger returns.

The limestone of central Kentucky gives $5,000,000 a year to the "Blue Grass" country for its splendid horses. The valley of the Tennessee has clover, blue grass, and wild cane. Stock raising is in its infancy there. In Texas the long droughts do not retard the rich mesquite grass, and $8,000,000 of cattle are exported annually. Florida raises many cattle for the Cuban market. Fifteen years ago there were only 20 breeders of cattle in all the States southeast of the Mississippi River. To-day Mississippi alone has about 100. Five years ago a short-horn from Mississippi brought $30,000 at the Milbrook sale; and this overcame the prejudice against Jerseys, short-horns, and red clover. Fine grass is grown in North Carolina, but it is still remote from the markets. There are many dairies and creameries in Florida, and those in Mississippi are increasing; but the number should be many times larger. Red clover is still almost as much of a stranger as it was to the Confederate Army at Gettysburg. And yet the materials are at hand for making a soil strong enough for even red clover.

Early vegetables for the Northern market should not be confined to the tidewater about Norfolk and to portions of South Carolina, Alabama, and Florida. Roanoke Island, Thomasville, and Savannah might send larger quantities of peaches and other fruits to the North. The sweet oranges of Louisiana ought to supply more than the home market. Florida is developing a large trade in cocoanuts and pineapples. The finest oranges and lemons in the New York market come from that State, because the Italian and the South American product will not stand the voyage. Peanuts, far superior to the African, are raised about Norfolk, while the hilly lands of North Carolina and Tennessee furnish a stronger quality. Kentucky and Georgia are raising them in limited quantities. The total crop of peanuts in the South has increased over 50 per cent. in the last five years.

The United States leads all other countries in the product of tobacco.

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The total crop is worth over $40,000,000 annually; of which about $25,000,000 is exported to meet the increasing demand. More enterprise like that of Durham, in North Carolina, would have kept the farmers of New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and other Northern States from raising an inferior quality. It would also have made other tobacco centres at the South besides Richmond.

When there was a duty on sugar, it formed one-sixth of all the dutiable merchandise imported into the United States. The quantity of sugar consumed in the United States is about 1,500,000 tons annually, of which the domestic product is short of 200,000 tons, including 20,000 tons of maple, 2,000 tons of beet, and less than 1,000 tons of sorghum. The beet sugar of Europe appears to be displacing the cane sugar of America. New methods of preparing beet sugar make it yield seven per cent. of saccharine matter, against four per cent. twenty years ago. It is claimed that a million tons of beet sugar will be exported within the next five years. If the cane-sugar territory of the South is fully cultivated, the uplands should grow beet and sorghum, and the hills and mountains maple sugar.

The cotton-producing States are: The two Carolinas, Tennessee, Georgia, Arkansas, Florida, Texas, Alabama, Louisiana, and Mississippi. While an increasing quantity is raised in southern Texas, Florida, and southwestern Tennesee, yet the Yazoo delta offers the best prospects for extending the acreage. The Sea Island product of the Carolinas might be largely increased. There may be something in store for the despised weed known as okra, which is grown in South Carolina at one cent a pound. It is said to be quite as good as cotton for many of the coarser uses. With the aid of the compress system, instead of the old method of screwing the cotton in bunks, every ship carries from 33 to 50 per cent. more cotton than it did ten years ago. The cotton crop for 1890 (the largest ever grown) was 7,313,726 bales; for 1889, 6,935,082 bales; for 1888, 7,017,707 bales; for 1887 and 1886, about 6,500,000 bales; and for 1885, 1884, and 1882, short of 6,000,000 bales. Since 1890 the crop has not reached the figures of that year, when overproduction caused the lowest prices since 1848.

In 1869 the world used only 5,000,000 bales of cotton in manufactures, instead of 11,000,000 bales now—an increase of 120 per cent. The United States has less than 15,000,000 spindles, against nearly 70,000,000 in Europe. The total takings by spinners of this country are about 2,350,000 bales, of which the Southern mills have but one-third. The South has now nearly 2,000,000 spindles, instead of 562,000 in 1880. Thus, in thirteen years it has increased the percentage of spindles from five to fourteen. The total of cotton mills in the Southern States is 271. The lower grades of cotton goods made in Alabama are in competition at Lowell, Mass., with goods made in that place, and fine brown sheetings, equal to those of Eastern manufacture, are made in the Southern mills. The manufacture of cotton at the South is growing at the expense of the industry in New England, and Atlanta is already a competitor of Baltimore in the Boston market. The prospects of the South will be even better when the mills drop the coarser grades and offer a finer product.

There were only seven cottonseed-oil mills in the United States in 1866, but in 1870 the product of the 26 mills was 547 000 gallons, valued at $293,000. This had grown to 13,384,385 gallons in 1890, valued at $5,291,178. The quantity has been reduced since that date. The total number of mills is 266. The capacity of the mills is 9,942 tons of seed daily, or 2,982,600 tons yearly. The

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total value of all the products of the seed for 1890 was $25,834,261. A large quantity of the oil enters into the manufacture of lard, an expert having stated that the oil is wholesome in every respect. The oil is also sent to Italy, mixed with olive oil, and returned to the United States as pure olive. Among the products of the seed, besides oil, are: Oil cake, for animal food and fertilizers; lint; hulls, for fertilizers and the making of paper; and soap stock, for the making of soap and gas. The rivalry between the mills has given way to more business-like methods, and cotton oil is already one of the greatest industries of the South.

In 1889 Louisiana had about as many acres in corn as it had in cotton. Texas led all the Southern States in 1890 with the largest crop of corn and it was closely followed by Mississippi, Georgia, and Alabama. Texas also leads in the wheat crop; and West Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia are at its heels. The grist mills of Richmond supply flour from wheat grown in that locality to the markets of Brazil and other South American states. It is the only brand that will cross the Equator with safety. The output of flour in the South should be enough to supply all of its population. Texas already grows more wool than California. There are large sheep ranches in the mountains of Tennessee, and there might be many others in the highlands of several of the States. The South has few woollen mills thus far, but enterprise in this direction would lead to substantial results. Overproduction in cotton is sure to bring development in these several lines.

The eastern part of Texas is full of the long yellow-leaf pine; while cypress, oak and other hard woods are found in abundance in other localities. The same pine also grows in the northern part of Mississippi, in the western part of Louisiana, in the northern part of Alabama, and between the Chattahoochee and the Flint rivers in Georgia. The great wealth of North Carolina and Alabama is in hard woods. The walnut and oak of Alabama are sent to the furniture factories in Grand Rapids, Mich., when it should be made into furniture on the soil of Alabama.

But the greatest source of prosperity to the New South will be from its minerals. Tennessee, Alabama, and Texas are rich in building-stones. The raw deposits of asphalt in Alabama are equal to the best from Trinidad, and it can be mined at $1 per ton. Salt mining in Louisiana has been increased within the past five years; but the product from Kentucky and the Virginias will not be available till the Northern fields are exhausted. West Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee will yield more crude petroleum as the supply grows less in the North. Even the gold mines of the Carolinas, Virginia, and Georgia will be made profitable when they are worked by more scientific methods.

The total annual output of coal in the United States is about 150,000,000 tons, of which the Southern States give 25,000,000 tons. Virginia is the only Southern State producing anthracite. When the supply of Northern anthracite becomes short, bituminous coal from the South, together with its products, will be more of a factor in the market. The valleys of the Kanawha and the New rivers, in Virginia, have scarcely been touched. A coal seam twenty-two feet thick has just been found in the Pocahontas district. West Virginia has bituminous coal of fine quality, and as good is found in the Warrior, the Coosa, and the Cahaba coalfields of Alabama—the thickest measures in the country. The finest coke in the South is made in the Pocahontas district, and the product is shipped to St. Louis and many other

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Western points. Coke is made in Chattanooga for $5 a ton; but it is worth $45 a ton in Nevada, and $60 a ton in the City of Mexico. It is the best coke in the world for smelting, and Alabama already ranks next to Pennsylvania in the supply.

In Western Virginia and North Carolina, eastern Tennessee and Kentucky and northern Georgia and Alabama, the Appalachian mountains have deposits of iron ore and coal in close proximity. Virginia has similar deposits of iron and lime. Brown hematite and magnetic ores are being worked in that State, but not the specular ores. Kentucky is full of good ores that have been worked to a very small extent. At South Pittsburgh, Tenn., the ore has 37 per cent. of iron, and no flux is necessary with the lime. At Knoxville, car wheels are made from cold-blast charcoal iron, a most difficult process. Alabama has red hematite in deeper veins than Pennsylvania. It assays 47 per cent. of iron, while the brown hematite assays 55 per cent. Texas has hematite, magnetic, and specular ores, which will yet find a Northern market. The basic process for steel is being used in the South with good results. In a recent year the output of pig iron in the United States was over 9,500,000 tons, of which nearly 1,000,000 tons were made in six months in the Southern States. Alabama now turns out almost as much iron as the entire South did four years ago, and Alabama pig has superseded Scotch pig in Chicago. That State now holds the third position; Pennsylvania, the first; and Ohio, the second. Virginia leads the Southern States in the production of rolled iron; and nearly all the rolled steel South of the Potomac and Ohio rivers comes from West Virginia.

What is needed most in the South is, not the production of great quantities of pig iron, but, rather, the increase of manufactures of all grades, even the finest. The city of Richmond supplies seven States with nails, hardware, agricultural implements, and machinery. There is no reason why every Southern city should not be a centre for factories of these articles and many others. The miscellaneous industries of the South would then require double the $175,000,000 of capital now invested, and more commercial centres would meet a want that has long been felt. The Census of 1890 showed that the wealth of the Southern States has outrun their gain in population. As much cannot be said for the average of the Northern States during the same period.

It is evident that the South has at hand, and therefore cheap, all the raw materials entering into manufactures; that its labor and cost of living are cheaper than at the North; that it can, in consequence, manufacture goods of all kinds at less cost than the North or the West; that it can not only supply the home demand, but also export goods with profit; that in the finer lines of manufactures it is extending its operations with success; and that, to compete with it, wages in the North must be reduced. With all these advantages on its side the fault will be with the South if it fails to reach out its hands and take what nature has so kindly offered.

FREDERIC G. MATHER.

THE NEED OF BETTER ROADS.

THE Malthusian doctrine of population teaches that the people will increase faster than the means to sustain them, and that it is only a question of time when the population will press upon the means of subsistence

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so as to prevent further increase in numbers, or, in other words, that the entire energy of the people will be insufficient to supply them with food. Whatever ultimate truth there may be in this doctrine, it has no application to this country in our day and generation, for the reason that the food product has increased and is increasing faster than the population, notwithstanding the fact that the population has increased with great rapidity, and substantially according to the Malthusian rule of doubling once in twenty-five years. The explanation of this most important fact is not to be found in any changed condition of nature, by which her bounty is increased, but in the increased power and productiveness of human labor, whereby the output of product proceeding from the same unit of exertion has been increased from two to ten fold. This being true, a diminished proportion of the population is sufficient to supply all with food products, and an increasing proportion are thereby released from the necessity of producing the food supply necessary to sustain themselves.

It is a material question in the industrial progress of the country, how the labor so released from the former necessity can be best applied to minister to human wants. They can no longer be employed, nor employ themselves to any advantage or profit, in the industrial villages that formerly flourished in the agricultural regions within short distances of each other, for the reason that the output of their product when so employed by solitary and primitive methods, does not show that increased output which human labor should show, and does show, when congregated together in great numbers, so that the division of labor and the application of machinery come in to supplement their power.

The concentration of population, which has astonished so many, was inevitable, for it would be impossible to successfully and continually employ a larger proportion of the population in producing food than is necessary to produce a sufficient supply, and it would be equally impossible long to employ the increasing number of those not required in the production of food in primitive and solitary industrial processes which fail to increase the output of their product when other means have been devised which increase that product many fold in connection with the concentration of population and the division of labor.

Cheap transportation has contributed much to the increased capacity of labor, by making it possible to concentrate surplus food products and material for manufacture. The increasing ease with which the food products, the materials of manufacture, and the population are concentrated together by means of cheap and still cheapening transportation, together with the increasing output of product which results from human labor under such conditions, makes it certain that the prevailing condition by which nearly one-half of our population in the older settled parts of the country is concentrated in cities is a normal and not an abnormal condition, and being based upon scientific causes is permanent and not temporary.

There are three factors which produce the existing result. First, a cheap and abundant food produced by a diminishing proportion of the people. Second, a cheapened means of transportation whereby these products and the material for manufacture may be easily concentrated in the great centers of population; and, third, the increasing output of product which manifests itself where labor is concentrated and the division of labor is supplemented by the application of machinery.

Cheap transportation, so far as developed up to the present time, shows

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itself mainly in the decreased rates upon steamships and steam cars; and the rates have been so greatly lessened by these means that it is possible to transport a ton a thousand miles upon the great lakes at the same cost as would be required to move it five miles with a horse and wagon over a common road. Two hundred and fifty miles may also be reached at the same cost upon the steam cars. But with horses and wagons the rate of transportation has remained almost unchanged during all the years of this great development in cheap transportation.

Those who live in the rural districts and have seen the villages deserted, the farmhouses abandoned, the population reduced in numbers, the rewards of their industry decreased, and the value of their property diminished, adversely criticise the fact that national and State roadbuilding has been dropped, and that railroad building has been very extensive during the last thirty years, and think that if the same energy and expenditure were given to the improvement of the common roads, the results would be equally beneficial, and perhaps more beneficial than those that have followed the era of railroad building.

I do not share in these opinions, and believe that the reason we have failed to cheapen transportation by means of horses and wagons results from the intrinsic weakness of such means rather than from the lack of devotion to them. The system of State and national roads, as formerly instituted, was intended to supply the means of through or long-distance transportation. The highest rate that prevails upon the steam cars is lower than the lowest rate that could ever prevail upon wagon roads built with public money, and the use contributed free to the carrier without toll. So nothing could be more absurd than the idea of taking public money to do that which is already better done without the burden of taxation. So far as county and township roads are concerned, while still necessary, their improvement would be unwise if they should be improved without reference to the facts already stated above pertaining to the abandoned industries and the deserted villages.

A local system of improved or macadamized roads, built with a view of connecting villages that are now deserted, or of supplying the needs of a community equally distributed throughout the country, would not justify the expectation of those who contend for it. The rate of transportation with horses and wagons can never be brought on the average below twenty-five cents per ton per mile, while the average cost that prevails upon the steam cars is not to exceed one cent per ton per mile, and in many instances but half a cent a ton a mile. The steam railroads have served and will continue to serve a great purpose, but it is probable that the limit of their usefulness is nearly reached so far as the ramification of their branches is concerned; but at the very point where the ramification of these roads ceases to be an advantage, the electric road comes in and is destined to contribute still more to cheapen transportation than it is possible that the horse and wagon can do by any amount of expenditure directed to that end. The average cost per ton-mile upon the electric cars would not exceed five cents, and the cost of building the steel roadbed suitable for such cars to run upon would be no greater than the cost of building stone roads.

I therefore advocate an important and far-reaching change in the manner of building country roads. My plan is to extend the street-car tracks from our cities out into the circumjacent territory a distance of thirty or forty miles, so that all the territory between centres of popu-

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lation sixty or eighty miles apart would be reached. Let these tracks be so made and laid that wagons and carriages propelled by horses may go upon them, as well as cars propelled by electricity or other inanimate power.

It is already demonstrated that only one-eighteenth of the power is required to move a vehicle over a smooth steel track that would be required to move it over a gravel road, or one-eighth of that which would be required to move it over the best pavement. When this important fact becomes generally known to the farmers, they will realize that it is a poor policy to promote the building of macadam roads when an equal outlay would provide a good steel track. When the track is once provided so that cars and carriages propelled by horses can also go upon the same tracks with cars propelled by electricity, the superiority of the inanimate power will be so apparent that horse power will be quickly abandoned. And what we have seen in Cleveland and Columbus and other American cities we will see upon the country roads, namely: a complete substitution of electric power for horse power wherever the rails are laid.

Heretofore the use of electric cars has been confined to carrying passengers, and the extension of the system has depended wholly upon private enterprise. This must be changed by enlarging the use to which the electric cars are put, and by supplementing private enterprise by a more liberal and enlightened public policy. There is no reason why the electric roads should not be carriers of freight as well as passengers, and especially of food products from the field to the market.

It is not claimed that these electric roads could be built and maintained wholly out of the profits of the carrier, but that they should rest as a burden upon the benefited land area in the same way that other road improvements now rest. No better expenditure of public money could be made in the State of Ohio for road improvements than to build a system of electric roads connecting all the county seats with each other and with the great cities of the State. This could be done by the State or by the counties with State aid. And the roads when so built could be operated by leasing to lowest bidder or by taking toll for each vehicle, the same as the State now does from canal-boats.

I have estimated the increased value of agricultural lands resulting from the decreased cost of transportation over steel rails by inanimate power at $30 per acre. Observation to confirm this only waits upon experiment.

MARTIN DODGE.

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